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the man of business or leisure is who wants to enjoy life and gain health and strength thereby. Take a suit cut and made from our fine clay serge, fancy flannels or light chevots, and it will give you both pleasure and comfort while you are away. The stamp of style and taste is laid on every suit made by us.

During this month we will make up our 25.00 chevot suit for 20.00. 30.00 unfinished worsted suits for 25.00.

Trousers all marked down.

JOHN D. ROSIE,
Merchant Tailor,
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REPAIRING AND PRESSING
NEATLY DONE.

"Saving at the Spigot Wasting at the Bung"



That's what buying poor paint means. Paint may be low-priced by the gallon and be extravagant to use owing to the poor covering power and wearing quality. After the paint is applied it's too late to save. Start right and use

**THE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
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Made to paint buildings with

Have the floors painted while away for the Summer. SPAULDING has the paint. Massachusetts Avenue, Lexington.

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Studio will be closed from Aug. 3 to Sept. 2.

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to buy drugs, is the cheap way. If medicine is to cure the sick, it must be the best and purest, and skill and experience are also necessary in the art of compounding physicians' prescriptions. We are registered pharmacists and we employ registered clerks in our prescription department. There's a very pointed moral to this true tale. We simply give you our name and let you draw your own conclusions.

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Post Office Building, Arlington.

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Repairing French, Hall and American Clocks
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Two Trips Daily. Teams Due at 1.30 and 6.30 P. M.



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in bread making is achieved in the white, light and delicious loaves, baked here every day. We use nothing but the best flour, pure and high grade, and our bread is nourishing, wholesome and tempting to the most fastidious. All of our Bakes are unsurpassed for high-grade excellence. Our Ice Cream and Catering is the best.

N. J. HARDY,
657 Massachusetts Avenue,
ARLINGTON.

BRUISED AND SENSELESS.

Lexington Conductor Escapes Death in
Bicycle Accident Caused by Break
in Machine — A Lesson to Other
Scoreholders.

Charles Robinson, of West Medford, while riding his bicycle behind an electric car on Massachusetts avenue in Lexington, Monday afternoon, was seriously injured by the breaking of the front forks of the bicycle, which caused him to be thrown heavily to the ground. Robinson is a conductor in the employ of the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company, and was on his way home from the car station. He had reached a point near East Lexington, and was being paged by an electric car which was going at the usual rate of speed.

He was but a few inches behind the car when the front forks gave way. Robinson was thrown on his head just behind the rapidly moving car, and he lay just where he struck, having been rendered unconscious by the accident. The electric car was stopped, and the injured man taken aboard. From the appearance of blood and dirt all over his face, it was supposed by many he had been run over by the car. The injuries were not so bad as at first believed, for he was attended by Dr. R. H. Melkie, of Arlington Heights, who dressed the wounds, bandaged the cuts, and after some time, says he shall make so far as he could judge at that time, he had the man taken to his home. The man's forehead, right cheek and lip received the worst injuries.

INTENDS TO STICK.

Assistant Engineer Frank P. Winn of
the Arlington Fire Department Has
No Idea of Resigning.

Frank P. Winn, assistant engineer of the Arlington fire department, was much surprised upon his return from the west nearly a week ago that a movement was on foot to fill his place on the board of fire engineers. He said to an Enterprise reporter he had remained away longer than he expected owing to matters of business, and admitted he had exceeded the time asked for when he asked the selectmen for leave of absence. He was home now, however, and he would remain here, and intended to stick to the board of fire engineers unless he was thrown out of office.

Captain Timothy Donahue, of hose 2, and Frank Dyer, of the Arlington news room, were the two men mentioned for the place to succeed Mr. Winn. Petitions had been circulated to some extent, asking for the appointment of these men in case the selectmen should declare the office vacant. Mr. Dyer, who was urged to go into the contest, says he shall make no further effort for the position if Mr. Winn desires to remain on the board, and although Mr. Donahue has not been seen relative to the affair, his friends declare he takes a similar position.

THREE YEARS A SOLDIER.

Sergeant John McCaffrey, an Arling-
ton Lad, Stationed at Subig, P. L. —
Saw Heavy Fighting at Tientsin and
Pekin, but Has Not Known a Sick
Day Since Enlistment.

Three years tomorrow John McCaffrey, Jr., of Dudley street, enlisted as a soldier for Uncle Sam. From a private he rose soon to be a corporal, and from a corporal he jumped to the position of sergeant, and he is now in Subig, P. I., as sergeant of Co. C, First regiment, United States Marine Corps. Sergeant McCaffrey is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John McCaffrey, of Dudley street, and is not yet 21 years of age. He was born Oct. 23, 1880, and was educated in the public schools of Arlington. He left the high school in the spring of 1898 and after working about four months, decided to see what army life was like. After his enlistment he was kept at the Charles-town navy yard for over a year, but on Oct. 29, 1899, he sailed with his regiment for the Philippines.

He was busily engaged for a few months at various places in the islands, but was not in very serious skirmishes or battles until he was sent with his regiment to China. It was there he saw army life with a vengeance, and he was engaged in the heavy fighting with the Boxers at Tientsin, and later at Pekin. In letters he wrote at the time, he told of the long hours of fighting without food or water, and how the soldiers were glad to burrow in the trenches in order to get even muddy water with which to quench their thirst.

He went back to the Philippines again and during the last few months he has been in charge of 30 soldiers who have been guarding a large force of men engaged in building a road through the mountains some few miles from Subig. In a letter which he wrote to his sister, May 29, he gives an account of the whole-some surrender of the natives, and says he is as safe there in the islands, or at least that part where he is stationed, as he would be at home. During the entire time he has been in the far east he has not been sick a single day, although he has shared the hardships with his comrades on the march and in camp, his robust constitution has kept him from succumbing to the diseases which afflict the soldiers. He does not know when he will be allowed to come home, but it is possible he may get his discharge at any time. His parents anxiously await tidings from him and hope to see his safe return accomplished before many weeks.

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Electric Torches

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Gas and Electric Stoves
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MAY RESIGN PASTORATE.

Rumored Resignation of Rev. Frederic
Gill of Arlington Unitarian Church
— Parish Committee Admit the Story
is Circulated.

Rumor has been current for the past few days that Rev. Frederic Gill, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) Parish is soon to resign his pastorate, which he has held for nine years. Members of the parish committee have heard the rumors, but have not received any official notice from Mr. Gill. Some of the members were surprised that the news should have leaked out, as it is understood that the committee have not long been apprised of the expected resignation. By no means is it given out by any of the committee that the resignation is assured, and none of the members will admit it as a settled fact.

Thomas E. Holway, chairman of the parish committee, said last evening it was possible that Mr. Gill will send in a resignation in the fall, although he is not authorized to say even this much. He said if the resignation came it would come voluntarily from Mr. Gill and without pressure from the parish. He had been given to understand that Mr. Gill had some other church in mind where a good field offered itself, but that the pastor had not, so far as he knew, made any plans relative to a new pastorate. From what Mr. Holway said it was evident that he had inside information relative to some change by the pastor, and it is more or less believed that Mr. Gill will resign during the fall.

Dr. E. D. Hooker, clerk of the parish committee, had heard the rumor also, but professed entire ignorance of the matter. He was sure if any such move was contemplated was instigated by no one but Mr. Gill himself.

Mr. Gill could not be seen relative to the rumor, for he is on his vacation at Montreal, and will not return for a few weeks. He left Arlington Tuesday evening, and made the trip with a party of friends.

Should the rumor be confirmed the vacancy caused by the resignation would be a source of regret to a large number of townspeople irrespective of faith. Mr. Gill came to Arlington in 1892 and has made hosts of friends.

THE TRUNK MYSTERY.

Property of Miss Lillian Bellamy Located After Long Delay at South
Station—Loss of Pocketbook
Containing Check Cause of Trouble—
Three Arrests—May Be More De-
velopments.

By quick and decisive work on the part of the Arlington police, notably Chief Harriman and Officer Hooley, a trunk and its contents, which belonged to Miss Lillian Bellamy, daughter of Henry W. Bellamy, of Walnut street, was located, and restored to its owner. The loss of her pocketbook, containing a check for her trunk, the report given out at the South Station station in Boston that the trunk had gone, the arrest of three men supposed to have found the pocketbook, and the final discovery of the trunk at the station storehouse comprise the several chapters in the mystery.

Since the first day of July, the Arlington police have been at work trying to find the missing pocketbook and trunk. Monday learned that the trunk was located, and the police were notified. Acting on information received, Michael Leonard and Daniel McKeon were arrested Tuesday night. In court, Wednesday morning, Leonard pleaded guilty and McKeon not guilty. On request of Chief Harriman, the case was continued until today, in order to secure attendance of Miss Bellamy, who has been out of town.

Leonard, in whose possession the pocketbook was found, said that he kept it for a few days for more than a week, and then lost it.

Wednesday night Officer Daniel M. Hooley arrested Frank Steele, whom he charged with being the third man in the case. Steele was taken to the court at Cambridge. Thursday morning, but his case was also continued until today.

After the court Thursday, Officer Hooley and Miss Bellamy went to the station to make a search for the missing trunk, which had contained personal effects valued at \$500. Although she had been informed the day after her loss that the trunk was not at the station, the police determined to make sure of this point. A search was made, but without result. Officer Hooley then secured the aid of two police inspectors of Boston and again visited the station. They managed to discover the number of the check from the books at the station, and then announced an intention to make a search for the trunk. The trunk was first checked, to see if a check with the number had been returned. Whether this had any effect in locating the missing baggage is not known, but before Officer Hooley reached Arlington, word was sent to the police station that the trunk was found in the storage department. It was later forwarded to Miss Bellamy, who was required to pay over \$3 for storage and 50 cents for the lost check. She paid the money under protest, after a talk with Baggage Superintendent Leonard. Why the property was not located when first called for is what is puzzling the Arlington police, and possibly further sensational developments will occur.

The expense to Miss Bellamy since her loss has been not less than \$100, and she hopes to receive compensation from the railroad.

PARK FOR LEXINGTON.

On a codicil to the will of the late Joseph W. Hartwell, of Lexington, which has been filed for probate in the Middlesex registry at East Cambridge, the testator gives to the town of Lexington a tract of five and one-half acres of land to be held by the town as a memorial park, known as "Bowman Park." The land named is a piece lying within the acute angle at the junction of Watertown street and Pleasant street. The name Bowman park is in honor of Mrs. Van Wert, whose maiden name was Bowman. Mr. Van Wert was a well known citizen of Lexington, and was the publisher of the Independent and Foreman, published in Boston.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

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THE TRADERS ABROAD.

Arlington Association Has Outing At
Suntang Lake—The Duffers Beat
Ruffars at Baseball—Swimming
and Boating.

The Arlington Traders' association had its day Thursday, with an outing at Suntang park, Lynnfield. It was the annual event which has come to be recognized as one of the holidays for Arlington. The stores closed throughout the town, the postoffice observed the day as it does all holidays, and the excursionists made the most of their time between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. The day was perfect for such an outing, and although the attendance was not so large as had been expected, those who went were glad of it, and those who did not go are sorry. There was more fun worked into the space of 12 hours than usually shows up in a dozen holidays. Everyone had a good time and when home was reached all were tired but happy.

The start was made shortly past 8 o'clock, the party taking a special car at Mystic street and passing through in the journey the towns of Winchester, Stoneham and Wakefield. A very pleasant diversion was indulged in during the trip in the bloodless dueling between a number of members of the party. The duellists were armed with clubs made of



N. J. HARDY,
President Arlington Traders' Association.

newspapers, and the game was to see how many whacks one could give another over the head. This furnished entertainment for the non-combatants until the car arrived at the park. No sooner had the crowd arrived at the picnic grounds than did the base-ball cranks rush to the ball field, impatiently waiting for the game to be called. The term "ball field" hardly expresses the grounds. Few places have such beautiful equipments for the playing of the great national game. To begin with, the diamond, the infield and the outfield have been persistently rolled by cows tramped for the work. A herd of cows were engaged in rolling a neighboring ground during the game, except the few young heifers who preferred to watch the battle of the giants. The bases, which have been on the field for many years, are made of stone, and the runners were unable to pick them up to wave at the pitcher as is often done in league games. The fielders were provided with shade from bushes planted nearby for their protection, and the catcher was kept in the shade of a tree, which together with a stone wall, afforded an excellent backdrop, although the ball suffered somewhat from frequent contact with the crowd. When it was announced that the game was to begin, there was considerable excitement. The ladies, who attended in large numbers, evinced the enthusiasm by keeping in the shade of neighboring trees and discussing the newest fashions. But the game! It was a corker! It lasted but seven innings, but as those seven required the hour and a half of time, it was declared by all to be sufficient to determine which was the better nine. The names of the two teams were "Duffers" and "Ruffars." The names didn't count much, however, for the Duffers were rougher than the Ruffars, and won the game by a score of 2 to 1, reduced from 30 to 15.

The Ruffars claim the entire responsibility for their defeat lies with Umpire Jud Langen, the barber. He certainly trimmed them a few times, yelled "Next" after several close shaves, and cut them short when they tried to remonstrate. Nevertheless, Jud was the only cool man in the crowd, and he did his job to do as little walking about as anyone in the hot sun. The game was opened with the Duffers at the bat, and three runs was the total, and the fortunes of the game gradually swung to the Duffers, and their heavy stick work counted heavily in their favor. F. Russell, a plumber, who had a lead pipe clench behind the bat, but after the first inning he was forced into the box to relieve H. Cook, who had been throwing skyscrapers at the batsmen. The pitcher, however, he cooked the goose of several of the Ruffars. Manager F. H. Clark, of the telephone exchange, played third base. He halted to a very good living, and he had a high one pitched for his side and was let off with but 27 hits, with a total of 41 scored by the Duffers. Pierce, the clerk in a local shoe store, dropped the leather three times on first base, struck out three times, and made a three-base hit. His friends expect him to soon open a store with three balls for a sign. Talbot did good work in dodging the balls sent to second base. Hartwell, the undertaker, laid out one man while playing shortstop, and killed the ball for four bases once while at the bat. He pitched for his side and was let off with which composed his nine. Joe Ronco,

the barber, played in left and center fields. He boared in the center without doing any work for several innings. At the bat he clipped the ball every time it came up, but cut for bases so slowly that he arrived at first only once. On that occasion he knocked the whippers off the ball. Jeweler I. Wetherbee was on the watch for the ball all the time he was in the field. He made one run, although he ran down several times toward first. Chapman, the superintendent of the cemetery, was dead onto the game in every particular, and dug up the ground several times chasing balls in his attempts to land his men. The game was marked throughout with good order and conduct, as Chief of Police Harriman stood nearby during the entire play. The score:

	a	b	r	l	b	t	b	p	a	e
Russell, p. c.	7	4	5	8	4	2	0	1		
H. Cook, p. c.	7	4	5	13	6	2	0	1		
Whitten, r.	6	4	4	5	0	0	0	1		
J. Stevens, lb.	6	4	3	5	9	1	1	1		
Robinson, ss.	6	4	4	7	1	3	1	1		
Hunting, 2b.	6	4	0	0	0	0	0	1		
Hardy, 2b.	6	1	0	0	1	0	0	1		
Whittemore, lf.	6	3	1	1	0	0	0	1		
C. Wetherbee, cf.	5	3	2	2	0	0	0	1		
Totals	56	30	27	47	21	10	4			

After the game came lunch. Many of the excursionists brought their edibles with them, while others purchased theirs at a neighboring hotel. The afternoon was then spent in divers ways. Some of the party danced to their hearts' content on the pavilion, while music was ground out on piano. Boating was quickly seized upon as a way of enjoyment, some going in rowboats and others in the napha launch. On one of the trips with the launch the apparatus refused to work and the party drifted about until a man from the shore arrived in a rowboat and got things in working order. There was excitement on board for a few minutes, some of the party wondering if the engine was about to blow up. The return to the landing was, however, a quiet one, with no catastrophe. Some of the ball cranks not having enough sport during the forenoon repaired to the ball ground again and played scrub until they were too tired to run bases. Swimming was the next feature, and a number of the party cooled off in the refreshing waters of the lake. The temperature of the water was about 65 degrees, which could be wished, and only a rocky shore marred the comfort of the bathers. Frank Russell cut quite a deep gash in his foot while wading, and he was on the shore, but he refused to allow it to interfere with his pleasure. A few of the swimmers tried to assist in the finding of a pair of gold bowled eye glasses, which a man lost while diving. He dove off of a raft without thinking of the glasses, which he wore, but missed them when he came up. They were not found, although several men dove in the hope of locating them. While the men were thus engaged, the ladies, or some of them, remained on the piazza of the building near the lake, and enjoyed themselves at whist. Others sought out the cool places under the friendly trees and busied themselves in various ways. Shortly before 8 o'clock, very one began to think of home and to be one, two by two, and three by three, the crowd started for the terminus of the electric car tracks. While waiting for a train, the ladies, and some of the men, remained on the piazza of the building near the lake, and enjoyed themselves at whist. Others sought out the cool places under the friendly trees and busied themselves in various ways. Shortly before 8 o'clock, very one began to think of home and to be one, two by two, and three by three, the crowd started for the terminus of the electric car tracks. While waiting for a train, the ladies, and some of the men, remained on the piazza of the building near the lake, and enjoyed themselves at whist. Others sought out the cool places under the friendly trees and busied themselves in various ways. Shortly before 8 o'clock, very one began to think of home and to be one, two by two, and three by three, the crowd started for the terminus of the electric car tracks. 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SOME SUMMER COSTUMES.

BY JOSEPHINE ROBB.

Among the cool, thin fabrics in delicate colors which will be much worn in mid-summer, nothing is prettier than the organdies and lawns which are so inexpensive that they are within the reach of every one.

A pretty summer gown of pink lawn, with trimmings of black chantilly lace insertions, is made over a drop skirt of white mull. The bodice is tucked and hemstitched. The skirt is bell-shaped with a deep circular flounce, trimmed and headed with black lace. Both skirt and bodice are ornamented with the lace applied in conventional designs and sewed by hand with Corticelli spool silk. The sleeves are tucked and tight-



Polka Dotted Shirt Waist of Mauve Lawn with Stuffed Bands of White Taffeta.
Courtesy of John Wanamaker

is made in the surplus fashion, heavily tucked and hemstitched and opening over a tucked and stitched plastron. The back is laid in two clusters of fine tucks. Another charming style is shown in a shirt waist of mauve lawn with white polka dots. This waist is gathered with the full blouse front and has also side-pieces in the bolero style, edged with stitched bands of white taffeta. There is a high collar with turn-over bands of the taffeta, and a sailor lawn tie, trimmed also with the bands of stitched taffeta on the ends. Clusters of three tiny crocheted buttons decorate the bolero fronts.

There are the usual number of broad-cloths, Venetian cloths, light-weight chevrons, and mixed jerseys worn this spring. A gown of medium heavy weight is always useful throughout the year. The smart little street gown of beige colored broadcloth is a good model. It is made with the usual eon jacket and circular flounced skirt. The eon is bordered by a band of heavily stitched and embroidered white cloth and is embellished with military looking frogs of nar-



Street Gown of Beige-Colored Broadcloth
Courtesy of John Wanamaker

row white braid. This braid also heads the flounce. The sleeves are to the elbow, where they are turned back in a cuff, below which are undersleeves of white taffeta, stitched and tucked with Corticelli stitching silk.

The Doucet model of light blue bareges is one of the most beautiful importations that we have received and will make a charming costume for the drive or seashore. It is made in the new style—quite full over the hips, though the fullness is carefully stitched down to fit the



White Lace and Chiffon Bridal Gown
Courtesy of Miss Rankin

of tucked chiffon upon which the lace leaves are applied. For all of this work white spool silk is used. A chiffon chou and sash further ornament the bodice. The sleeves are tight-fitting and are covered with the lace. At the elbow there is a deep puff of tucked chiffon, while at the wrist the lace falls over the hand. This little gown is so daintily and exquisitely made that it resembles nothing so much as the delicate tracery of frost-work.

The question of shirt-waists is indeed an important one. All rumors that these useful garments would be discarded by ultra-fashionable, have proved futile. Shirtwaists have come to stay and are regarded as necessary a part of the wardrobe as hats, skirts or petticoats. The styles have not changed materially this season from those of last, although the variety of shirts offered is infinite. The blouse effect in front is still worn, the dip being even longer than that of last summer. Yokes are not seen except



Stitched Surplice Shirt Waist
Courtesy of John Wanamaker

in the front of the more elaborate waists, when the yoke is offered of lace. The sleeves are rather tight fitting and resemble closely the sleeves on men's shirts. There is a very slight fullness at the shoulder, though no gathers, and a little at the wrist, where it is gathered into a narrow wristband. Pique and linen are both popular for heavy white waists, while for the thinner ones there is an endless variety of plain and embroidered Swisses, batistes, and dimities. Madras is also used with good effect for shirt waists.

A pretty shirt waist of lavender linen

PUZZLE PICTURE.



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25 " " " at one delivery	10
50 " " " " " "	15
100 " " " " " "	25
200 " to 500 lbs. at one delivery.	20 per cwt.
500 " and upwards	15 " "

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Bethel Lodge, No. 12. Meets in Odd Fellows hall, Bank building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

Ida F. Butler Rebekah Lodge, No. 152. Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel lodge room.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Circle Lodge, No. 77. Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

No. 100. Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Menotomy Council, No. 1781. Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month in Grand Army hall, 370 Massachusetts avenue, at 8 p.m.

UNITED ORDER OF INDEPENDENT ODD LADIES.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 51. Meets in G. A. R. hall, the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Francis Gould Post, No. 34. Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 43.

Meets in G. A. R. hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursday afternoons of each month, at 2 o'clock.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Camp 45. Meets in G. A. R. hall, on the third Wednesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Meets in St. John's Parish house, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division 23. Meets in Hibernian hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7:30 p.m.

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Board of health, on call of chairman. Engineers fire department, Saturday before last Monday, each month.

School committee, third Tuesday evening, monthly.

Sewer commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of cemetery, on call of chairman.

Water commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

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ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services on Sunday in Grand Army hall, Massachusetts avenue, Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence, 28 Academy street. Sunday service at 10:45 a.m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:15 p.m.; evening church service at 7:15 o'clock.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Cor. of Westminster and Park Avenues. Sunday services: morning worship and sermon, 10:45 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, with short talk, 7 p.m. Weekly prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:45 p.m.

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Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor; residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10:45 a.m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p.m.; Sunday school at noon, except during July and August; Friday evenings, at 7:30, social service in vestry.

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July 27, 1901.

PLYMOUTH-PROVINCETOWN SEA TRIPS.

The first few weeks of the summer vacation season find the Bay line more heavily patronized than ever before, a plain indication of the fact that the tide of travel is flowing toward Plymouth and Provincetown. One reason, undoubtedly, for this is that the Boston, Plymouth and Provincetown Steamboat company has provided two of the staunchest, best-equipped and most commodious steamboats on the Atlantic seaboard. Of the trip to Plymouth or Provincetown there is little additional that can be said regarding the exhilaration and inspiration of the sea voyage itself, or of the enjoyment on shore in the resorts, either of these trips by the "Bay line" is a welcome change from country air. Much more, then, to the tired, overworked city man, who is unable to take his vacation all at once, but must divide it up into several one-day trips. To him and to his family the little ocean voyages to Plymouth via the beautiful steamer Cape Cod, or to Provincetown by the larger boat, the Martinique, are consequently almost a Godsend. The Plymouth voyage consumes but three hours, at a speed approaching that of an ocean vessel, and to Provincetown he can go in a little over that time. To lovers of shore scenery, the Plymouth trip will appeal, for the Cape Cod hugs the land more than does the Martinique, while the admirer of the beauties of the deep sea will choose the Martinique for his vehicle of pleasure. In either case, any one who seeks a day's outing on the sea, with plenty of time ashore in two of Massachusetts' most historic towns, will enjoy these trips. The boats now leave the Bay line wharf, 410-430 Atlantic avenue, every morning, Sundays included, at 10 o'clock. With a view, however, to still further satisfy the demands of the patrons of the Bay line by allowing more time at the "tip of the Cape," the directors have decided that on and after Thursday, August 2, the steamer Martinique, leaving Provincetown will leave Boston week days at 9:45 instead of 10 o'clock. The time for leaving on Sundays will be 10, as heretofore.

STEAMER FOR SALEM WILLOWS. Salem Willows is now one of the most popular resorts on the north shore, and it is not to be wondered at that the steamer O. E. Lewis, which departs from the wharf, 400 Atlantic avenue, Boston, daily and Sundays at 10:30 a.m., for the Willows, is well filled (but not overcrowded) with people seeking an outing at one of the most attractive spots. Weather like that of last Sunday, for example, makes the ocean excursion itself a pleasing relief from the hot pavements of the city. The return trip to Boston consumes 2 1/2 pleasant hours, and as music is provided on the O. E. Lewis and the north shore is close at hand, the time passes all too quickly. Three and a half hours are allowed at the Willows for the passengers of the O. E. Lewis to enjoy the Salem Cadet band concert while sitting under the big, spreading willow trees, or to partake of one of the fish dinners for which the Willows is famous. There is boating, bathing and out-of-door theatres for those who want further recreation. The return trip to Boston is made from the Willows at 4:30, and all who have been on the O. E. Lewis this year say that it is as good a half-dollar excursion as can be found. Special rates will be made to large parties desiring to visit the Willows by this steamer, or the O. E. Lewis may be chartered for moonlight excursions.

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COMING RAIN.

Hung in the shining north, light showers—
As over a breast of silks and flowers
Like dusky unbound hair—
Trail weeping, but the west is dark,
And the rain-crow's tripping voice, oh, hark!
Treads down the echoing air!
Hark, how the bobolinks ripple and bubble!
Out of the orchard what rapture of robins!
And look, the brown thrush up and facing the storm.
With a shaken jubilant splendor and storm of song
And more than the heart can bear!
Oh, look and listen! The last lights glisten,
Save for the moment's glare!
Oh, look and harken! The valleys darken,
Fade, for the rain is there!
—Joseph Russell Taylor in Scribner's.

The Jeweler's Wife.

How She Fell a Victim to His Passion For Gems and How He Was at Last Saved From the Fiend.

Two dwelt years ago in a quaint old city on the banks of the Rhine a handsome young jeweler who loved his gems so well that he thought them brighter than any woman's eyes and was impervious to the smiles of the loveliest girls who came to his shop to flirt with the proprietor rather than for the sake of the broken earrings and bracelets which made their excuse for doing so.

It was known everywhere at last that Max Rudolph did not intend to marry, that his heart was given to his art—for he was rather an artist in gems and gold than a mere workman—and as he was not only handsome, but charming and reputed to be rich, this was a very provoking fact indeed to the young ladies who had cherished hopes of winning his favor.

However, the Turks are right when they say that no man can escape his fate. One day, going into the country for the sake of the fresh air and to enjoy himself with rural dainties at a little wayside tavern, there happened to be detailed to wait upon him a beautiful young country girl so sparklingly beautiful that he said to himself: "She has diamond eyes and ruby lips and teeth of pearls. She is made of jewels."

Then there came into his mind the thought that she was a jewel herself well worth the winning and wearing. Still she was but a poor girl who earned her bread as handmaid at an inn, and he went his way without doing more than to look at her. But he came again, and this time threw her a kiss, and again and this time the kiss was on her lips, and the third time he said to himself that at last he had found the woman he desired, and he wooed and married her and took her home with him dressed in splendid garments, with silken shoes upon her feet that had so often followed the kine in wooden sabots.

For a little while the jeweler's love ruled his soul. He forgot his most precious jewels for his fair Mina's sake, and a happier pair of married lovers never wandered together in the moonlight or vowed eternal constancy by the winter fireside. It was not long, however, in a year the jeweler had gone back to his old habits. He spent hours in his workshop watching the polishing of some rare stone. He would leave his Mina for weeks together while he sought some gem of which he had heard. He would sit and gloat over a great diamond, turning it this way and that that the light might the better fall upon it, while she sat unheeded.

Mina never reproached him with this change; but she grew sad and often wept when no one observed her.

The husband never noticed it. His love of jewels had grown to be a monomania with him. He had not the usual desire of craftsmen for fame or for wealth. He had become a miser, who hoarded gems instead of gold. He refused to sell one of them at any price. Men said that he was mad and that satan in person had been seen standing behind him whispering in his ear.

Still he seemed to love his wife at times, and to show it would bring jewels and lay them in her lap and tell her how to know their value.

The simple woman admired them, but she could not comprehend the power they had over her husband's heart. And once or twice she also thought that she saw a figure, hideous, though shadowy, at her husband's side and cried out in terror.

She was now about to become a mother and was full of strange fancies, as women are, and the dark figure may have been merely born of her imagination. But it seemed to her to have the shape of satan as he is represented in the pictures that peasants see.

There was at this time talk of a great jewel—a ruby of wonderful size and brilliancy such as no one had seen before. None but a king could be its owner, men said, and there was a great contest for it. The handsome young jeweler with the gleaming eyes and eager gestures who gloated on its splendor, Max Rudolph from Rhineland, was thought to be out of his mind when he declared it should be his. But his it actually became.

Where he got all the money no one could guess, and there were those who said that they saw a strange black figure sitting with him at his inn one night and heard the chink of gold and that satan helped him.

But the jewel was his, and he returned home to his Mina wild with joy. She sat upon a little balcony that overhung the river watching for him, and he embraced and kissed her and clasped her to his heart.

"Now hold your hand," said he. "The jewel shall lie in its palm. See how lovely it is! And thou—thou art the loveliest jewel of a woman. There is none like thee anywhere."

And Mina, happy in his praises, looked up at him rather than at the gem—looked and saw over his shoulder the hideous face of the fiend, and forgetting all about the ruby, clasped her hands and shrieked aloud, and as she did so the jewel dropped from her palm, glittered at her feet an instant's space and glanced from the floor of the balcony into the blue depths of the Rhine.

Rudolph had started to seize it, but when he saw he was too late he uttered a hideous imprecation and lifted his hand threateningly at his wife's head.

"Low born peasant brat, drudge, cow driver, beer server!" he shrieked. "Fool that I was to think that your clumsy fingers could hold jewels fast! Fool that I was to marry a coarse creature like you, born to eat black bread and walk barefoot!" And then he struck her a furious blow

upon her white bosom, and she staggered and fell.

The balcony was only defended by a rail of carved wood that time and weather had weakened long ago. As the form of Mina struck it it broke from its fastenings, and she fell with a splash into the river and vanished beneath its waters, and Max Rudolph saw beside him the figure she had seen, and knew it for satan's self.

"Demon, you have done this!" he cried as he sprang into the water after his wife.

She had risen to the surface, and he caught her and swam with her to land. He implored her pardon, and she gave it to him freely. But, alas, the deed was done. In a little while she lay in her coffin with her baby on her bosom, and he followed her to the grave, and over her the turf grew green in time, and a stone was placed on which were these words:

"Mina, the beloved wife of Max Rudolph. A jewel lost to him forever."

Max returned to his desolate home and dwelt there alone. Shortly he began his pursuit of rare jewels again with more energy than ever. No one knew what he did with them, for no one saw him go at midnight to his wife's grave and there bury them one after another until the sod above her heart was rich with jewels.

He lived on wretched food, with scarcely fire enough to warm him. He wore the garb of a beggar. Piece by piece the old furniture of his house, its pictures and its ornaments were sold, the money converted into gems. But it was to Mina's grave that he bore them, and there he buried them, with prayers and tears, and the black fiend that had haunted his youth ceased to appear to him, nor was it ever seen by any one at his shoulder.

At last it was known that he had sold his home and his land and retained only the right to dwell, while he lived, in the room from which extended the balcony—the balcony on which Mina stood when he laid the jewel in her palm and whence she had fallen to her death beneath his blow upon her bosom.

There he sat often the whole night through. A fatal disease had come upon him. He knew its dread symptoms well, but he sought no physician. Death was welcome to him. Only he prayed always for some token that Mina had forgiven him. His hair was white as bleached linen. He had the aspect of a very aged man, though he was not really old. Grief and remorse and terror of the fiend had made him what he was, and now he was poorer—so poor that he could not buy the smallest gem to bury in his murdered wife's grave.

One night he had in the house only one little piece of black bread and no more. He sat upon a wooden bench, and in the corner lay an old straw bed. He sat in the balcony. The broken rail had not been mended. The water sobbed below. He was weeping—weeping for her whom he had killed so long ago—and his remorse and grief would have touched the hardest heart that could have read his ardent.

Assuredly it appealed to heaven's mercy, for as the clock in a tower hard by struck midnight a strange thing happened. The waves, never so high before, began to leap up and wash the floor of the old balcony. They were white in the moonlight—white as wool—and they looked to him sometimes like the faces and hands and arms of sea spirits, so that in spite of himself he stretched out his own hands to touch them, and, grasping something that melted between his fingers, still held fast a small hard substance, which, as he opened his palm, glowed like a coal of fire.

A candle stood upon the hearth within. Trembling and overwhelmed with superstitious terror, he arose and staggered toward it and saw that what he held was a great ruby, the very stone that he had laid in Mina's palm so long ago, the gem of priceless value for the possession of which he had died with kings.

An hour later the moon at her setting looked on him as he tottered over the road to the graveyard and knelt at last beside Mina's grave.

There, with a little knife he carried, he dug a hole and buried the ruby a hand's depth deep, close against the white stone on which her name was written, and with the effort his strength forsook him. He knew that the supreme moment was at hand.

"Mina, Mina!" he cried. "Murdered angel, intercede for me with heaven!" And suddenly all about and above the grave began to glow with a clear light like that of jewels, and in the midst he saw the figure of an angel who bore his wife's face holding out her arms toward him.

The next morning some laborers found Max Rudolph dead beside his wife's tomb, and for months men searched the house where he had dwelt for the treasure he was believed to have hidden. But no one ever thought of looking in the right place. No one dreamed of what we know—that he had offered all he had to his murdered love and to the heaven he had so offended and that the turf beneath which Mina sleeps is rich with jewels.

Wholesale Weddings.

At Plougastel, in Brittany, France, there is but one day a year on which, from time immemorial, weddings are allowed to take place—namely, on the feast of St. Francis, a model Christian wife and mother, for whom the citizens of Plougastel have the greatest veneration, which they chiefly manifest by setting all the weddings for that day.

This day of weddings by the wholesale is, of course, a feast for the whole village. In the early morning all the couples meet on the town's public square. Thence they go to the city hall, where the civil ceremony is gone through with. This over, a procession is formed, and all the couples, followed by their respective friends, march three times around the village before entering the church where the religious ceremony is performed. Hereupon follows the banquet, which is held at the common expense.

The last wedding feast saw no less than 2,000 guests partaking of the bounteous repast. According to an eyewitness of these fraternal assembles, apart from the tables at which sat the wedded couples plates were conspicuous by their absence. There was on an average one plate to every four guests. That little deficiency, however, did not prevent the Plougastelles from enjoying themselves capably during the six days' duration of the ceremonies.

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, . . . Editor.

Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

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THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

Arlington News Co., Postoffice Bldg., Arlington.
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 Mrs. Margaret Deane, 55 Park avenue, Heights.
 H. P. Longley, Elevated waiting room, Heights.
 J. C. McDonald, L. & B. waiting room, Heights.
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IS FIFE WORTH SAVING?

The above is, or should be, the leading question here in Arlington, now that three lives have gone down to death in Spy pond within the past four or five weeks. In a recent issue of the Enterprise there was an editorial upon the too-frequent drownings in Spy pond. In that writing we suggested and even urged that the town make some arrangement with its police force to properly guard and make safe the lives of those who either boat upon or bathe in the waters of Spy pond. Why wait or delay longer at such fearful risk? What should be done, and this, too, without further loss of time, is to have Spy pond during the summer months under the watchful care of our police, or otherwise the town should erect upon the shores of the pond large and convenient bath-houses for those desiring to avail themselves of such. At any rate, something should be done, and this, too, at once, to save human life from the waters of Spy pond. What have our selectmen to say of this suggestion of the Enterprise?

THIS NEIGHORLY FEELING.

This neighborly feeling begotten here in the mountains makes us all akin, and, mind you, we regard those as neighbors living at remote distances, all along the way at distances of three or four miles. We all do for each other errands at the store, and drop in and get each other's mail. It was only the other afternoon that one of these neighbors came running to the door as we were on our way to the store and the postoffice, saying, "Mr. Palmer, will you please get me two yeast cakes, a bag of flour, a half-peck of onions, and two quarts of molasses?" and we replied, "We shall be glad to make these purchases for you." We here, all do this same thing for each other. We "live and let live," and how delightful it all is! There is a community of feeling here which you rarely find in the city and its suburbs. No one here "liveth to himself alone." These mountains maketh us all of one blood. It is always "jump in and ride," when the carriage with a spare seat overtakes you. How different all this from the populous town! It surely pays to live in the country, and do errands at the store for your neighbors, and have them do a like favor for you.

WHY AN INDIGNITY?

Why should it be considered an indignity for a man to appear in the presence of women in a shirtwaist or in his shirt-sleeves? We have lots of sympathy and kindly feeling for him who dares, during these excessively hot, sweltering days, pull off his coat, and don the shirtwaist. The trouble is that so many men and women assume standards of propriety which are not founded on any good reason. A man is never more neatly and comfortably attired than he is in his spotless and tastefully selected shirtwaist. The United States government showed its good sense, and its spirit of a genuine democracy, when it gave its employees the privilege of dressing much as they might desire, during these warmer months of the year. The people of free America do not much believe in mere "clothes." Here in the mountains, thank good fortune, we can dress as we please, and no one is found to object. We can become a good deal divested, and yet not call upon the mountains to fall upon us and hide us. One of the privileges of youth which we most envy is that the boys and girls can go not only with bare feet, but with bare legs and bare arms. If men and women will persist in putting a common and vulgar interpretation upon everything which may be out of the ordinary, and yet which is altogether decent and respectable, so much worse is it for these very same men and women. Why not be sensible, and so recognize the truthfulness of the saying that "clothes do not make the man."

WHAT OF THAT HEARING?

What of that school hearing that was given some weeks ago to the citizens of Arlington, concerning the high pressure system of study now pursued in our public schools? Is there nothing to come of it? Is not even a report of it to be made by our school committee? Is the earnest request of such men as Governor Brackett, the Reverend Yeames, Bushnell, Flister and others of equal standing intellectually to pass unheeded? An ordinary courtesy demands at least a reply either one way or the other. A matter of so much importance should not be allowed to die on account of no action taken. What do you say about it, gentlemen of the school committee? To us and to others in Arlington there is not the slightest question that the children in our public schools are being pushed through a course of study too elaborate in detail, at lightning speed, much to the discomfort of both pupils and teachers. Much is being learned, or attempted to be learned, that is altogether impracticable, and, what is worse, not affording mental discipline along right lines. Something should be done before the beginning of the autumn term of the public schools, to render the course of study in the high school more reasonable and acceptable to the pupils and to the patrons. Has anything in this line been done by the school committee? Is there anything to be done? Will the committee answer? The vacation is rapidly passing, and unless something is done soon, it will be the same old grind over again. Why is it so difficult to get out of a school rut?

Our school committee has this matter in its hands, with the power to act. Upon its members rests the responsibility, and they are bound to meet it by an intelligent "yes" or "no" to their constituents. Will they speak out, and so let Arlington know what they think about it, as an official body? This "tabling" a responsibility does not give it, either affirmatively or negatively, a full expression. Let the committee speak in black and white.

"I'LL ASK MY HUSBAND."

It is not long ago that we asked a loyal wife of a loyal yet somewhat of a husband who insists on having everything his own way, if we might send her the Enterprise for a year, when she meekly replied that she had occasionally read the paper and was much interested in it, and would like to take it, but before subscribing she said, "I'll ask my husband." Now, this is the thought that we have in mind, namely: That such an equality of rights should exist between husband and wife that the wife should not in any way regard her husband as lord and master. We have but little respect and still less love for that man who keeps the family purse with a miserly grip in his own pocket. That wife is to be pitied who is compelled to ask her husband for every dollar that she desires to expend. And yet there is many and many a wife who is obliged to do this very thing, who never has a penny of her own, and who never expends a cent without first asking permission of the assumptive and lordly master of the house to do so. "I'll ask my husband," has about it the tone and spirit of a hireling, or, what is worse, the tone and spirit of a slave. Many a man residing in the suburbs of Boston goes day after day to his business in the city without so much as leaving "one red cent" in the house which the wife can call her own. We have no word of censure for that wife who frequently goes through the pockets of her husband in the still hours of the night, that she may secure what rightfully belongs to her. Why not, Mr. Husband, show yourself a man? Before you married, you promised the girl you loved so dearly that she should equally share with you the home which you two were to make your abiding place. You told her how all yours should be hers, and that she should want for nothing. But now, in a niggardly way, you compel her to come to you and ask for the dollar she so much needs. That is an unnatural condition of domestic life when the wife must consult her husband in all the minor details of the family. The wife does not, or should not, lose her individuality in marrying. She is, or should be, her own personal self in spite of the fact that she has a husband. We have no little admiration for that woman who insists on her rights.

"And he called their name Adam" is the way the Bible reads.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

That there is an especial interest now being taken in our boys whose ages range from twelve years up to the latter teens, is just as it should be. It is beyond all explanation how parents can remain indifferent to the welfare of their children, at this imminent period of their lives, and particularly to that of their boys. It is now that the boy is coming into manhood, with all the ardor and restlessness of youth. It is now that he needs the counsel and advice of those older grown. During these years of adolescence the children need to be plainly and honestly taught. The boy now becomes aware that there is a human side to life, though he can hardly define it. It comes to him, nevertheless, through a thousand desires which he feels but cannot tell. It is right here, on the very threshold of his manhood, that the boy needs the help that can only come to him through the instruction of intelligent fathers and mothers, and through the teachers in our public schools. The children should be approached by their elders with no shamefacedness, but in that manly spirit which accepts life with all its desires as a gift from God. The most of us have cowardly dodged this whole question of life in its threefold being. We have oftentimes been over-anxious that the boys and girls should be well up in their studies at school, while we have wickedly left them all untaught as to the vital interests attaching to their bodies; so that the feverish life of the children has too frequently found vent in ways altogether destructive in their tendencies. The Rev. Dr. Watson, something like a year ago or more, preached on or made suggestive reference to this crucial period in the life of the children. The doctor's words were so eminently wise that we made them the subject of an editorial at the time of their utterance. In a late issue of the Boston Evening Transcript, there may be found an able editorial upon the adolescent period of our boys and girls. We are coming to see as never before that every human desire as a divine gift is to find its natural expression, and this fact so vital to a full, healthful development of life, is to be taught the children. This lesson through no modesty or sense of shame is to be skipped. No leaf is to be torn out of God's book treating of human life. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is to be told the children concerning their bodies. Let the boys and girls understand before it is too late that every normal human desire is God-given, and that its natural expression comes of a divine right.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

The Floating hospital, in which Arlington takes such an active and substantial interest, is doing for the poor, sick children a work of charity that is Christ-like. Never has there been heretofore in the history of the world a time when the charities were as far-reaching as now. It has gone out far and wide that we are our brother's keeper. We now recognize in a practical way that our duties and privileges have not ended when we have cared for those of our own household. There are other children aside from those belonging to us. The better side of human nature is being revealed in the help that is being extended to those who are not able to help themselves. That the poor whom we have always with us are, through our various benevolent associations, enabled to get a breath of God's fresh air, and to take in the sunlight during the summer months, makes up an illustrated gospel. Those of us in

Arlington who have heard Mr. Anderson, of the Floating hospital, tell in his delightful way how many a poor, sick baby has been almost literally brought back from the dead and restored to its mother's arms by a sail down the harbor, and by receiving proper care for the few days it may have been on board the good ship, can well understand how he should have said in Grand Army hall that he would rather occupy his present position as assistant superintendent of the Floating hospital than to become president of the United States.

There is no ministry greater than that of caring for others. But everybody knows of the Floating hospital and its magnificent work, so it is not of that which we especially write. But it is of Arlington, to the very front in all the charities, of which we speak. This town has always been quick to respond to the wants of the suffering poor. She never awaits a second call before she brings in her offering. Not only in one charity does she become interested, but in many. Arlington deserves well because she does well. And be it remembered that while she is helping others, she is, unconsciously, more greatly helping herself. We have in mind at this writing those in Arlington who are uniformly anticipating and planning in some way to meet the wants of the poor. These few leading spirits in all departments of a generous benevolence have found a hearty following here in our home town. And all this is just as it should be, for none of us in our own right own a dollar. We are at best only stewards. We are only guardians of the silver and the gold. Nothing in the form of material wealth is ours for "keeps." We didn't bring a dollar into the world, neither can we take a dollar out of it. The wealth that may come into our possession temporarily, we may use; but it must not be forgotten that for its use we must give the strictest sort of an account. That the world owes every man a living is true, provided every man puts forth an honest effort to earn a livelihood; and no one has a right to defraud him of that living because he happens to fail in his daily struggle to secure such.

Well, the world is surely growing better, and Arlington is keeping well abreast with all that is most generous and benevolent in these later years. Arlington never turns away the unfortunate and the poor, but invites them in to partake of her hospitality.

WE PROTEST.

We protest against the usual introduction of resolutions offered in condolence over the grave of departed friends. We now have in mind the introductory resolution recently adopted by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in loving memory to the late Garrett J. Cody. The resolution to which we refer is very like all resolutions adopted on similar occasions. It reads in this way: Whereas, the Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has in his infinite wisdom removed from among us one of our worthy and esteemed brothers, Garrett J. Cody, and then follows the main body of the resolution so justly expressive of the love and esteem in which the precious dead is held. If it be true that God removed from this earthly life the late Garrett J. Cody, then it is just as true that the prisoner Smith was made His chosen instrument in firing that cowardly and deadly shot, and if this be true, then Smith should at once be released from jail and go a free man wherever he chooses. More than this—for, as a logical sequence, he, Smith, should be looked upon with favor for becoming the instrument of the Lord in carrying out His will. Let us have done not only with this absolute nonsense, but with this wicked injustice to a God of common sense and of fatherly love. Who in Arlington for a moment believes that God had anything to do in the shooting and killing of so brave and worthy a man as the late Garrett J. Cody? Could God's will have been carried out, the brave and honest Garrett J. Cody would unquestionably be living today. This imputing to the Lord whatever may be done, as the doing of His holy will, belongs to an age way back in the centuries; and yet we are aware that most of our clergymen will pray alongside the dead that "we may be enabled to bow submissively to the will of God, who, in His infinite wisdom, has removed the dear brother whose lifeless remains now await the grave." What wicked trash is all this!

Horace Mann truly and reverently said in an address given in Boston in the forties, concerning the purposes and will of God, that "the providence of God had no more to do with the fact that one-fourth of the human family die before completing the age of one year than it has to do with picking pockets and stealing horses." Much less has it to do with shooting the faithful servant while in the performance of his duty. Many of the notions concerning God have come down to us from a barbarous and superstitious age, and they unfortunately stick to us. Why not be sensible, and so recognize that God's will in its entirety is not being done here on the earth. God is not pleased with the death of His servant. With Him, the Infinite One, the law of all being is life; death is but a negation of the everlasting fact. That introductory resolution should read something after this manner: Whereas, the brave and faithful patrolman, Garrett J. Cody, was cruelly shot down while in the performance of his duty, against the will and infinite wisdom of God; therefore, be it resolved that no lawful means shall be wanting in bringing to speedy justice the perpetrator of the wicked deed by which the brave Cody met his death, and thus seeing that the will of God is done in so far as the penalty of the law is concerned, in its relation to Smith, who fired the shot." And then should follow, as now, those expressions of sympathy and love for the bereaved family. We have a God of love and justice; so let us have a care that we do not impute to Him all the evil devices of men.

Father Taylor, of Boston, said when dying, "I don't want to see angels in heaven, as much as I want to see folks." And herein is found the secret of Father Taylor's phenomenal success in his religious work. He loved men and women and it was for them that he labored, and it was with them that he most desired to be in the hereafter as well as here.

"Men Wanted" is the heading of an advertisement we read the other day in

one of our metropolitan journals, and then the advertisement added, "no others need apply." Under such restrictions we imagined the applications would be few in number.

That boarding house has an eye to business which has the following sage advice in printed form hanging over its dining table: "Eat what is set before you, asking no questions for conscience's sake."

We know a lady so fastidious that she will not read an editorial written by a man in a shirt-waist—not if she knows it—and she usually does know it by the naked statements made by the writer.

To excel as a space writer is not essentially an achievement, either in the world of news or of letters. Journalism is burdened with space writers.

That editorial both ends of which cannot be seen at one and the same time is unreasonably long. Don't be all day telling your story.

The minister who preaches longer than twenty minutes usually tires his audience.

He never shoots at random who shoots an idea into the head of another.

LYNN DEFEATS A. B. C.

A baseball team made up principally of the A. B. C. team, and playing under that title, was defeated at Lynn last Saturday by a nine from that city. The Arlington boys played in hard luck, and despite the apparent easy victory of the Lynn nine as judged by the score, had it not been for the sun shining directly in the faces of the Arlington fielders at three different important stages, the result would have been different. Each time a fly ball was batted into the field by the Lynn players, and would have been an easy out under ordinary circumstances, but each of the three times errors were made, and runs poured across the plate. Foster, of Tufts college, pitched a good game for the boat. Another game is likely to be played at no distant date. The score:

LYNN.	b.	h.	p.	a.	e.
Poland, 3b	1	0	5	0
Stewart, cf	1	2	0	1
Gorman, 2b	0	8	1	0
Priest, rf	1	0	0	0
McAuliffe, c	1	7	3	0
Sanborn, lf	0	3	0	0
Hagan, ss	1	0	4	1
McLader, 1b	0	0	0	0
Hendry, p	1	0	2	0
Totals	6	27	15	2

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.	b.	h.	p.	a.	e.
Christianson, rf, lf	1	0	0	2
Harris, cf	1	3	0	0
Newell, 3b	0	2	0	0
Jellerson, 2b	0	2	0	0
Towmby, 1b	3	11	2	1
Payne, c	2	6	2	0
Cook, ss	1	0	2	1
Foster, p	0	0	4	0
Lewis, lf, rf	1	0	0	2
Totals	9	24	12	6

Innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Lynn: 0 0 0 2 2 1 2 0 —7
 Arlington B. C.: 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 —2
 Runs made, by Poland, Stewart, Gorman, Priest, 2, McAuliffe, Hagan, Christianson, Cook, Two-base hit, Poland, Three-base hit, Cook, Home runs, Priest, Christianson, Stolen bases, Christianson, Harris, Cook, Lewis, Poland, Gorman, 2. Bases on balls, off Foster 2, off Hendry 2. Struck out, by Foster 9, by Hendry 8. Double play, Foster to Towmby to Nowell. Hit by pitched ball, Christianson 2. Poland, Wild pitches, Foster. Passed balls, Payne 4. Umpire, Corbett. Time 1h. 50m. Attendance 900.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

Agreements have been signed in the office of Henry W. Savage for the transfer of the following estates at Arlington: No. 186 Massachusetts avenue, consisting of a modern thirteen-room house, hot water heat and every convenience, and more than 13,000 square feet of land, all assessed for about \$200, to a buyer whose name is withheld for the present.
 No. 6 Appleton street, Arlington Heights, consisting of a ten-room house, and 32,115 square feet of land, assessed for \$7249. The purchaser's name also is withheld.

Cut Flowers,
Funeral Designs,
AND
Decorations.W. W. Rawson's
Corner Medford and
Warren Streets,
Arlington.THE BEST ICE CREAM
is to be had at
KIMBALL'S, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

His Lunch service is unsurpassed. Try our Ice Cream Soda—none better.

COMMONWEALTH
OF
MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court.
 To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Ellen Basing, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased.

Whereas, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Samuel H. Smith, of said Arlington, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A. D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Enterprise, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, postpaid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this first day of August, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one.
 W. E. Rogers, Ass't Register.

Arlington Heights.

M. S. Drew, of Sutherland road, was very agreeably surprised last week by a visit paid him by Hon. M. B. Harrington, of O'Neill, Nebraska. Mr. Harrington, who is a very prominent lawyer, has offered Mr. Drew inducements to go and reside in "God's country," as he calls it. The project is under consideration.

Miss Nellie E. Mahoney, of Wakefield, Mass., is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. M. S. Drew, of Sutherland road. Miss Mahoney enjoys the company of her nieces, Nina and Evelyn Drew.

Several complaints have been made to the police regarding a man soliciting money at different houses. It was alleged that he told a different story at each place visited. On complaint of a citizen whom he had approached for money, the man was arrested Saturday afternoon by Officer Garritt. Potter. He gave his name as Edward R. Batty, 53 years old, and claimed to reside on Fifth street, Chelsea. He was taken to the Cambridge district court Monday morning, to answer to a charge of vagrancy, and the case was continued two weeks pending an investigation.

The cellar is fast approaching completion in the new house to be built on the corner of Hillside avenue and Appleton street.

John A. Irwin has just let a contract for a new double house to be built on Vine street.

C. T. Parsons and wife are off on arolley ride as a vacation pastime. During next week there is to be quite an exodus of vacationists from the Heights.

Miss Lucia Dottolo, aged 18 years, died at her home on Lowell and Bow street, Sunday. Burial was in the Old Cambridge cemetery.

Miss Susie Haskell is at Middleboro visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert G. Butler.

A company of young people went to Crescent beach last week Friday, returning during the evening.

A party of 12 took a moonlight sail to Nantasket, Tuesday evening. They had a delightful sail, and returned at a late hour.

Jamie McBride, wife and daughter are visiting Mr. McBride's mother, Mrs. Marion McBride, of Hillside avenue.

The petition which has been circulated to change the name of Vine street to Paul Revere road seems to meet with popular approval. There are a few, however, who do not think a change necessary, and others express a doubt that Paul Revere went over this highway on his famous ride to Lexington. It is from the general belief, however, that he did travel on this road that the change in the name of the street is desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Coolidge, of Hillside avenue, have returned home from their trip. Mrs. Coolidge spent several days with her father and mother at Groton.

A. T. Eddy, of Tremont temple, who, with Mrs. Eddy, has spent the month of July at the Heights, delivered an address in Weston last Sunday evening at the First Baptist church. Mr. Eddy is president of the Baptist Vineyard assembly, which holds its sessions at Cottage City in August. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy may return here for a short stay in September.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

The interest at the church continues, notwithstanding many are away on their vacations. Last Sunday evening several young people manifested a desire to lead a Christian life.

Pastor Lorimer will return from his vacation about September 1.

Last Sabbath's exercises at the church were of an interesting character. Theodore Frost, of Boston, spoke morning and evening. His addresses were such as held the attention of both old and young. He took for his text in the morning "Follow me," and illustrated his subject by examples of people, who were morally good, willing to do all but to follow Christ, and of others who cheerfully left all to become followers of Jesus.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.

The Park Avenue church looks very attractive in its new coat of paint and grained doors.

Services at Park Avenue church as usual last Sunday with preaching by the pastor.

Miss Margaret Henderson will lead the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting tomorrow evening. The subject is "Gaining by losing."

METHODIST CHURCH.

The official board meeting at the home of F. J. Horling, last week Monday night, was of interest and importance, it being the first meeting of this kind held. F. J. Horling was elected secretary, and Fernando Miles, treasurer.



When Sultry Summer Comes,

and even vigorous appetites are impaired by the depressing heat, those little delicacies and food preparations offered in our unequalled collection of choice groceries meet the emergency most admirably. Happily these discoveries in satisfaction require little or no cooking, and can be served directly from the can or package. We secure all the new things as fast as brought out, always leading, never following.

C. H. STONE & SON,
Cor. Mass. and Park Aves.
Arlington Heights.

Telephone 131-4 Arlington.

For Candies, Fruit,
Cold Sodas,

with pure juices, and a

GOOD DINNER
Visit Callaghan's Lunch Room
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.J. J. LOFTUS,
Custom Tailor.

SPRING STYLES.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed, Repaired and Pressed Neatly.

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D. BUTTRICK,
Dealer in
Butter and Eggs,

Wholesale and Retail.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. Team

Residence, 15 Swan St., Arlington

Strawberries,
Asparagus,
Beets,
Fresh Peas and
Spinach

From Our Own Farm
Every Day.

W. K. HUTCHINSON

STORES:

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669 MASS. AVE.
ARLINGTON.

For the Best of Cutlery
and Specialties in
Hardware
go to

J. B. Hunter & Co.

60 SUMMER STREET,
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Builders' and
General . . . Hardware

An Up-to-date Hardware Store.

All Mechanics' Tools
of the Best Makers
and Material.

"It's Cheaper to Move
than Pay Rent."

We move you out or move you in, just which way you happen to be going and guarantee you just as good a job as if you were always moving.

Piano and Furniture Moving.

Storage room for Furniture, Stoves, etc.

We make two trips to Boston daily, first at 8.30. First team due from Boston at 1.30.

Boston Offices—36 Court Sq., 48 Chatham St. 17 Kingston St., order box, Faneuil Hall Sq.

Arlington Offices—Cushing's Store at Heights

Town Hall, corner Henderson Street, and

Wood's store.

WOOD BROS.' EXPRESS

Residence at 677 Mass. avenue.

ARLINGTON.

F. R. DANIELS,

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

Hats, Caps,
Gentlemen's
Furnishing Goods,
Periodicals,
Cigars & Tobacco.BEST TRIPS. BEST BOATS.
BAY LINE

The Magnificent New Steamer Cape Cod

for

PLYMOUTH

Every day, 10 A. M.

The New, Sea Going Steamer Martinique

for

Provincetown

Week days 9.45, Sundays 10 A. M.

Music by Bay Line Band and Orchestra.

From Bay

FROM AN AGE

Of all the ages ever known,
Of brass or bronze, of brick or stone,
The blackest and the worst, I think,
Is this pestiferous age of ink.
In volume vast the torrent pours;
Volume on volume blocks our doors;
Its boom broadening as it flows
With verses canned and potted prose,
Though all would dam it—and some do—
The deluge still is apes now.
Lured to the brink, women and men
A moment pause—then dip a pen.

"And you!" I hear some scribbler say.
Oh, yes, I'm there—exhibit A.
But one must live; small is my store;
A wolf stands darkening the door.
He must be driven to his den,
And so I prod him with my pen.
When children for new grammars cry,
Can parents stand unheeding by?
Ah, no! The verb starved babe I kiss.
Then dash off verses much like this.
If like this, too, my special pride,
A round trip ticket I provide,
That if none else the moral see
It will at least come home to me.
Nor is it needed to proclaim
On the envelope street and name
To which the verse, in mentioned days,
May be returned with thanks—and praise.
Though Homer's home be still in doubt,
My sins and songs soon find me out,
And with a promptness none can guess
Turn up, and at the right address.
If one did not, I fear I should
Doubt much that I or I was good.
—Charles Henry Webb in Atlantic.

ROUTING
AN AUNT.

She Had Settled Herself to Stay,
but Means Were Found to
Get Rid of Her.

"Sweetheart," said my husband one evening soon after our marriage as we sat in the pleasant twilight chatting with his old college chum, "it is always well to be prepared for the worst. Forewarned—You know the rest. And I have an uncomfortable sense of impending doom which will completely overwhelm ourselves if we don't meet it with a brace. A nervous shock is always an unwelcome visitor even in a doctor's family, so I think it only fair to warn you. I have an aunt—sole survivor of her species, I hope. Her most marked characteristic is an uncontrollable desire to regulate other people's affairs. She appears suddenly in your midst, takes you in hand and until some more favorable opportunity turns up keeps on crushing you, your spirits and your habits. I fear this devotion to her family will lead her to take us in hand. And if she does we're in for it, for she is not likely to find a better field for action in some time, for I haven't an unmarried relative left. So prepare for the onslaught!"

"Why, we haven't invited her."
"Child, that is a trifle which she never considers. If she did she'd never leave home. Anyhow, though the outlook is bad, we're three to one, and perhaps we may contrive to oust her. If my own powers of invention fail me, you'll step in the breach, won't you, Fred?"

Fred Post, at that time our guest, chimed in enthusiastically. Such malicious detraction, such fiendish plots, I trust it may never again be my lot to listen to. I was dumfounded by the spite these two fellows displayed, the more so as I placed small credence in the exaggerated accounts my husband had given me of Aunt Jim's peculiarities. I was soon to be undeceived. Less than a week after this conversation Jim appeared in the library with a doleful countenance and an open letter.

"I told you so, Annie. Aunt Jim is coming, and I'm to meet her at the 4:30 train," he groaned.

Jim departed manfully to his unpleasant task, and Fred and I spent the interval peering curiously through the half-closed blinds at the passersby. A rattle over cobblestones and an impatient "Whoa!" announced my husband's return. The poor man sat swathed in shawl straps, bags, mackintoshes and umbrellas, three trunks crowded the roof of a rickety cab, and a red faced driver was engaged in obeying the directions of a shrill voice that dominated the scene. And at last from out of this confusion appeared a tall, angular woman, sharp nosed, thin lipped, wrapped in a hideous brown shawl. Prudence conquering desire, I came forth to greet my unwelcome guest, convinced on the instant that Jim's description had in nowise done her justice.

"So this is your wife? I thought she'd be very different. You used to be so fond of strapping blonds, Jim. Do you remember the one you rushed at Exmore?" And she giggled unpleasantly, revealing a set of obviously false teeth that reminded me of nothing so much as a row of tombstones.

My husband grew white with rage. "Never mind, my dear," continued Aunt Jim; "I think I'll soon feel quite at home with you. I'll try to make myself useful, so your husband can count upon my most energetic support and assistance."

"Excuse me, aunt; that will be quite unnecessary. My friend, Mr. Brent; my aunt," said my husband.

Aunt Jim rested a pair of disapproving eyes upon the unhappy Fred. "I suppose I'm to have a room to myself."

"Certainly, Aunt Jim. Martha will take you up stairs at once." Aunt Jim's nose wrinkled disdainfully as she peered into the little room allotted her adjoining Fred's.

"I hope your friend won't stay long. I prefer his room to this one. In the meantime just push the bed up against the wall; pull out that table and take away this chair. I must have a leather covered rocker instead and some dark curtains at the window, and—"

But at this juncture I fled to the kitchen and sought to stifle my forebodings with the thought of the nice dinner I had prepared. But scarcely had I given a few needed directions before Aunt Jim's nose came sniffing through the door.

"Fish! I know you don't prepare it to suit me. And real cutlets! You must put a little onion in the batter. I always like it that way. And what have we here, rice? Never eat it. You'll have to prepare some other vegetable for me."

This continued during the following week—dining room, kitchen, parlor, the doctor's reception room, even his patients, felt beneath Aunt Jim's criticism. Then criticism passed to complaint, complaint to fault finding. Our timid hints that her presence was unwelcome fell on unheeding ears. Aunt Jim had deigned to take us in charge, so in wretched did take us, and that with a faithful maid of all work

rebelliously announced that the aunt or she must leave the kitchen.

"I can't stand her, ma'am, at all. It's bad enough when she mixes with the cooking, but to tell me I look like a fool in my finery, oh!"

And Katy's wail rose to a wild Irish howl that brought my husband to the rescue.

"This thing has got to stop," Jim announced that evening. "Home is becoming a nightmare, and I'll be hanged if I'll pay the bills for that old freak's amusement any longer."

"Right you are," chimed in Fred. "It's enough to drive us all mad. We'll have to adopt drastic measures, and I vote we begin this very evening."

The vote seconded and sustained, action promptly followed. The two men labored mysteriously up and down the stairs, carrying great jars of chemicals, until they succeeded in arousing a volley of curious questioning from Aunt Jim. But neither vouchsafed her any information, and soon afterward they bolted themselves in Fred's room, leaving the enemy with one eye glued to the keyhole. Soon a cloud of smoke filtered through the cracks and keyholes pungent with odors that converted Aunt Jim's room into a veritable pesthouse. I could hear her rummaging noisily about; then a couple of doors slammed, followed by a silence which remained unbroken until Jim appeared, with the triumphant announcement that the experiment was a success. But no aunt appeared to question this assertion. Fearing that the fumes had overpowered her, I stole up to her room. Empty! There, snugly ensconced in my own bed, lay Aunt Jim.

"My dear," she announced as I entered, "I couldn't stand that frightful smell, so I'll sleep with you, and Jim can share his friend's room. Be sure you don't disturb me when you come up." And with that she blew out the candle and settled herself comfortably to sleep.

Gloom settled upon the household after the defeat. Fred frankly admitted that he saw no way of escape for us; that he for one intended to pull up stakes and flee from the enemy. Our faithful Katy gave notice that she would be leaving at the end of the month, and Aunt Jim volunteered to engage her successor!

Jim and I were secretly meditating a flight after Fred should have deserted us, when our friend startled us by appearing at the breakfast table with a smiling face. This unusual occurrence revived our fainting hopes, and I followed my husband to the laboratory as soon as I could escape from Aunt Jim. Fred had spent the previous evening with Professor Turner, who was even then winning fame as a bacteriologist and had returned with an idea seething in his brain upon which he at once determined to stake our all.

Confusion reigned in the upper rooms for the next day or two. Strange men carrying strange boxes labeled "To be delivered to Mr. Frederick Brent in person" tracked through my little hallway, queer noises echoed through the house, and the two men were closeted in Fred's room from morning till night. Aunt Jim was racked with curiosity, but not a syllable would the arch conspirators reveal. The keyhole was again called into active service. Sorrow stricken, she retired after a single glimpse. Rats, rabbits and guinea pigs were ranged around the walls in wire cages. But Aunt Jim offered no protest. To science she gladly offered even her dread of rats. Three days later the bomb exploded. Aunt Jim retired to her room rather earlier than usual, ostensibly to write letters. The men's voices could be heard excitedly discussing the dangerous experiment they were engaged upon. Aunt Jim promptly posted to the keyhole and then fell back with a shriek. Pandemonium had broken loose in the other room, the two men tearing around in frantic search for something.

"Catch him! Catch him!" shrieked Jim.

"There he goes!" replied Fred, with a wild lunge under the bed.

"No; see, he's under the door crack! Open it if you value your life!"

And suiting the action to the words Jim wrenched the door open and flew into Aunt Jim's outstretched arms. The old lady collapsed upon the couch, and the two men made for the bed. Presently something gray whirled past Aunt Jim's astonished eyes, with Fred in its wake. Then his door closed with a bang. "A rat!" groaned Aunt Jim. "A rat in my room! Oh, I can't stay here!"

"No, nor any one else!" said my husband, seizing her roughly by the arm.

"Out of the room if you value your life, and let no one in! This place must be fumigated, for that rat was!"

"What was the matter?"

"Was no ordinary rat."

"But?"

"We had inoculated it."

"Inoculated it?"

"Yes, with cholera germs."

"Never before and never since have I seen such a sight. Speechless, Aunt Jim walked past me, flew down the stairs, seized my hat and rubricot, which happened to be lying on a chair, and opened the door. Hailing a passing cab, she climbed in, and we heard her direct the driver to drive to the station with all possible speed."

"And my hat and coat!" I wailed.

"You shall have another, sweetheart," cried Jim, embracing me rapturously.

"They were worth it."

"And this little thing did it!" cried Fred, exhibiting a tiny toy mouse.

• • • • •

The next day we received a telegram directing us to forward her trunk to her home. I objected to the fumigation to which Jim subjected her clothes, but he said:

"She'll stay at home while the odor of the sulphur lasts."

It must have lingered quite two months, for Aunt Jim did not again venture forth during that time. Then she resumed her round of inspection.

But she never came to us again.—Adapted from the German For New York Commercial Advertiser.

Too Many Recommendations.

"Our great difficulty is in getting good bookkeepers. The last one we had it took a month to read his recommendations."

"And was he tried and found wanting too?"

"No; he was tried, and found guilty."—Philadelphia Times.

Another Want Filled.

Down—I see you buy The Evening Smaller. Pretty bright paper, isn't it?

Up—Bright! That paper is so absorbingly interesting that when you are riding in a street car with a lot of ladies standing you don't have to pretend to be interested.—New York Weekly.

Apropos of Parisian Ways.

An interesting if invisible feature of every important Paris shop or dressmaker's establishment is the *livre noir*, wherein are recorded the names of all bad, doubtful, reckless or insolvent clients.

A lady who arrives in the establishment for the first time is the object of a rapid study from a personal and financial standpoint. While an elegant, tactful, golden voiced creature is taking madame's measure or consulting her wishes as to material, style and price another elegant creature is quietly studying the *livre noir* to discover whether the new client is mentioned therein. If not, so much the better. If she is, then the authorities employ all their diplomacy in order to safeguard their interests without wounding the delicate susceptibilities of a client who may prove a profitable one, after all.

These big establishments send many samples by mail, and to this system we owe that delicious fabric *miroir velvet*. A sample of ordinary velvet was once sent in a registered letter. An irate employee stamped it with such vicious energy that he crushed a portion of the fabric, causing it to assume an unusual brilliancy. A manufacturer, obeying an impulse of genius, made some velvet in imitation of this crushed variety. He called it *miroir velvet*. It caused a furore, and he made money.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Artistic Sitting Room.

A picturesque feature in a house is to have a sitting room on a different level from the hall. In a beautiful country house on the sound the drawing room is two feet lower than the long, low raftered hall, making the ceiling just so much higher. As one stands on the threshold at the open folding doors before descending into the couple of broad steps that lead into the room the effect is charming, especially as the room is treated in a way to enhance the impression of sudden brightness and freshness. The prevailing color in the hall is Indian red, with dark carved furniture and a medley of curios in the way of rare pottery, bronzes and coppers, choice specimens of armor, etc., everything in rich, dark tones. But at the drawing room door the scene is transformed; the walls are hung with beautifully painted tapestries representing the heart of the woods, flecked with checkered shade and sunshine, most realistically rendered. The floor is stained a sunny brown and covered with mossy green rugs, while the French windows directly opposite open out on a terraced garden simply ablaze with colored flowers, framed in by the pale green silk curtains.

Snap Shot Testimony.

"Would you mind standing a second on this spot and touching the button of my kodak after I have seated myself under that palm tree?" said a woman "globe trotter" who, with several of the passengers of the steamship, had left the vessel as she was coaling at an equatorial station for a walk about the country. She also called a native woman who was curiously staring at the group and showed her a piece of money and made signs to her to sit near, so as to be included in the picture. "You see," she added after one of the company had taken the snap shot as requested, "nothing shows so conclusively that you have been to a place as a photograph of yourself with characteristic surroundings. So, without having any vanity as far as my personal appearance is concerned (and, truth to say, she had no cause to be vain), I have hundreds of pictures of myself in various situations—in an Arab tent, in a Turkish harem, on top of Mont Blanc, in a curve on the Amazon, near the spouting geysers of Iceland, by the third cataract of the Nile and no end of others. You have no idea what an interesting collection it is," she concluded complacently.—New York Tribune.

Russian Lacemakers.

Lacemaking is the life work of the Russian woman. So says Mary A. Taft. It is the Russian peasant's one great pleasure, and by means of it she gets the little ready money that makes so much difference to her comfort. She begins to make lace when she is a child of 6 or 7. At that age she has the inherited talent of generations and the natural cleverness of the Russian. She learns quickly and at 9 or 10 is an expert lacemaker.

The laces are all pillow laces, made from home grown homespun and, if they are colored, home dyed linen, and the designs date back into antiquity. To each thread which runs through the lace is a pair of bobbins—always homemade. The children begin with the simpler designs in narrow lace, with ten bobbins. As they advance they do more elaborate work until 300 or 400 bobbins are used in one design.—Ledger Monthly.

A Pretty Hanging Basket.

Take a carrot, the largest and smoothest you can find, and cut off the pointed lower end. Then make a cup of the large upper part by carefully hollowing it out, leaving the bottom and sides a quarter of an inch thick. Bore some holes in the sides near the top. Three will do. Through these holes pass strings by which to suspend the cup. When it is finished, fill it with water and hang it in a sunny window, and it will soon send out leaves from the bottom and become a very pretty hanging basket. Never allow all the water to evaporate, but put in a little fresh every day. If the carrot is large enough to allow the sides and bottom to be left thicker, the green leaves will last longer and be more abundant.

Men's Views of Women.

He is a fool who thinks, by force or skill, to turn the current of a woman's will.—Samuel Tuke.

The most beautiful object in the world, will be allowed is a beautiful woman.—Macaulay.

If the heart of a man is depressed with cares, the mist is dispelled when a woman appears.—Gay.

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—Boreford.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman, for thy lovelier page.—Moore.

Kindness in woman, not their beautiful looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

Marion Harland.

Mrs. E. P. Terhune (Marion Harland) lives and works in a comfortable home at Pompton, N. J., rightly called Sunnybank. Here she spends eight months of the year between wooded hills and the gleaming waters of the little lake on which her house faces. Mrs. Terhune has been a writer almost continually since she was 14 years of age, and her first work was done in the Virginia country about which she tells in her latest novel, "His Great Self."—Woman's Journal.

CALL 'EM UP.

Telephone Directory of Live Business Houses, Which Advertise in the Enterprise.

Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

Lucius A. Austin, Lexington 14-3.
Arlington House, Arlington 156-2.
Arlington Insurance Agency, Arl. 303-5.
Belmont Coal Co., Arl. 35-3.
A. L. Bacon, 133-3.
Henry W. Beal, Arl. 141-3; Boston office, Main 1864.
A. E. Cotton, Arl. 238-4.
David Clark, Arl. 89-3.
Charles Gott, Arl. 33-3; house, Arl. 33-2.
C. H. Gannett, Main 3856-3.
N. J. Hardy, Arl. 8-2; house, Arl. 112-2.
W. K. Hutchinson, Arl. 339-3; Heights branch, Arl. 321-5; house, Arl. 323-3.
J. Henry Hartwell, Arl. 127-4; house, Arl. 104-4.
H. B. Johnson, Arl. 134-2.
Johnson's Artisan, Express, Arl. 123-3.
Litchfield's Studio, 307-3.
George A. Law, Arl. 73-3.
Lexington Lumber Co., Lex. 48.
John J. Leary, Arl. 37-2.
R. W. Le Baron, Arl. 79-2.
Lexington Grain Mills, Lex. 34-3; house, 31-3.
A. S. Mitchell, Main 1509.
Perham's Pharmacy, 115-3; pay station, 11-350; house, 329-6.
W. W. Robertson, Arl. 128-4.
E. Price, Arl. 98-2.
Pelree & Winn, Arl. 8-2.
Dr. Ring's Sanatorium, Arl. 205-2.
W. W. Rawson, Arl. 16-3; house, Arl. 15-2; Boston office, Main 2846.
George W. Sampson, Lex. 24-2; house, Lex. 61-7.
C. H. Stone, Arl. 121-4.
W. P. Schwamb & Bro., Arl. 111-3.
Simpson Bros., Main 1155.
H. T. Welch & Son, pay station, 21353.
Wood Bros., Express, Arl. 242-7.
John G. Waage, Arl. 149-4.
Wetherbee Bros., Arl. 149-6.

CHAS. GOTT,
Carriage Builder,

450 Mass. Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS

Jobbing in all branches;

Fine Painting a Specialty

Have Your Horses Shod
AT
Mill Street Shoeing Forge,
26 Mill Street,
ARLINGTON.

Special attention paid to Over-reaching and Interfering Horses.

Horses Shod by experienced workmen.

First-class work guaranteed. Horses called for and delivered.

MY SPECIALTY

is correcting such Eye troubles as are caused by Defective Vision, etc.

Oculists' Prescriptions Compounded.

OPTICAL REPAIRING.

Prices as low as is consistent with requirements.

FRED W. DERBY, Refracting Optician,
458 Massachusetts Ave. Arlington.

J. C. McDONALD,

Fruit and Confectionery,

Hot and Cold Soda and

QUICK LUNCH &

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Lexington and Boston

Waiting Room, Arlington Heights.

JAMES E. DUFFY,

Hair Dresser,

Pool Room Connected.

461 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

T. M. CANNIFF,
Hairdresser,

943 Mass. ave., Arlington

Wm. P. Schwamb & Bro.

Window Screen and

Screen Door Makers.

Office and Shop, 1033 Mass Ave.

ARLINGTON.

We make a specialty of repairing and correctly fitting Screens and Doors. Also the repairing and repainting of Plaster Chairs and Seats. We guarantee first-class work and fair prices. All communications will receive prompt attention.

B. SWENSEN,

INTERIOR PAINTER.

Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

Resident of Arlington 12 years. Best of references given.

10 Teel Place, Arlington, Mass.

Weltch's Market.

Groceries and Provisions,

941 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Telephone Connection, 21853.

E. F. DONNELLAN,

Upholsterer & Cabinet Maker

Furniture, Mattresses, Window Shades, Awnings and Draperies made to order. Antique Furniture Repaired and Polished. Furniture Repaired, Carpets Made and Laid.

Mail orders promptly attended to.

442 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 4.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xiii. 1-15. Memory Verses, 7-D-Golden Text, Math. vii. 12—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1-4. Abram went up out of Egypt to Bethel, unto the place of the altar which he had made there at the first, and there Abram called on the name of the Lord; such is a brief summary of these four verses. We do not read of any altar in Egypt, for there Abram was out of fellowship with God, thinking of his own personal safety rather than the glory of God. If you have wandered from God, and neglected the altar and allowed anything to come between God and your soul, return to Him as quickly as possible, for nothing can make up for lack of fellowship with Him, and He is saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity; turn, O backsliding child, for I am married unto you" (Jer. lii. 13, 14; Rom. vii. 4). His wife and Lot and all that he had were affected by his wanderings and return; no one liveth unto himself, and we must be careful not to put a stumbling block or occasion to fall in another's way (Rom. xiv. 7-13).

5-9. Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Lot also was rich in flocks and herds and tents, and the substance of these two men was so great that they could not dwell together. They were in the land for God, and the heathen were in the land, the Canaanite and the Perizzite, and before these people they must witness for God, therefore there must be no strife, for "the servant of the Lord must not strike" (II Tim. ii. 24). Who shall yield? For if strife is to cease some one must yield. See the greatness of Abram, the one to whom God had given the land, with whom Lot was sojourning by Abram's consent, who might have said, "This is all mine, given me by God, and you and your herdmen must be quiet or else go away to some other land. This would only have been right in the eyes of many, but listen to Abram as he offers Lot the first choice, meekly saying, It will be better for us to separate; choose whatever part of the land you prefer, and I will be content to go elsewhere. This is greatness in the sight of God.

10, 11. Lot lifted up his eyes and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere; then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and they separated themselves, the one from the other. This life set before us in Abram consisted of a series of separations unto God; more and more fully unto Him, from Ur, from Haran, from Terah, from Canaan, in which he had only his tent and altar, from Egypt, and now from Lot. It is only as we are willing to be separated unto God from all others and all else that we can know anything of the sufficiency of God, for while we lean on aught else He cannot reveal Himself to us (II Cor. vi. 16-18). Lot, like most people, seemed glad enough to take advantage of Abram's generous offer; he had not the grace of unselfishness. He lifted up his eyes, but not even to the hills, much less to the Lord, from whom every good gift comes (Jer. xiii. 23; Jas. i. 17). He saw only the well watered plain of Jordan and its seeming advantages to himself.

12, 13. Abram continued in the hill country, but Lot dwelt in the plain, and not heeding the wickedness of the men of Sodom he even pitched his tent toward Sodom. The stories of the plains in Scripture are not as a rule so refreshing as the stories of the mountains. See the plain of Shinar and the plain of Dura (Gen. x. 2-4; Zech. vi. 11; Dan. iii. 1) and contrast Elijah on Carmel, the transfiguration, the ascension and other hill stories. The air of the hills is better. Sometimes God allows us to be placed among the wicked that we may there shine for Him, making His grace sufficient for us, but if He leaves the choice to us we should remember Ps. i. 1; cix. 1, and keep as far away as possible from every appearance of evil. Holiness is not as contagious as sin (Eph. ii. 11-13). The men of Sodom may not have seemed very wicked in the eyes of Lot, but they were sinners exceedingly before the Lord.

14-17. Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it and in the breadth of it, for I will give it unto thee. Separations unto God always bring increased blessings and new revelations of God to the soul; having by the grace of God magnanimously yielded and in a sense taken second place, God now confirms to him the gift of the land with a new statement that his seed should be as the dust of the earth. In a later appearing (Gen. xv. 5) the Lord told him that his seed should be as the stars of heaven; then still later (xxii. 17) the Lord combined the two, and in connection with his giving up of Isaac told him that his seed should be as the stars of the heaven and as the sand which is upon the seashore. Afterward the twofold promise is divided and the heavenly part is given to Isaac and the earthly to Jacob (xxvi. 4; xxviii. 14). The first becomes last and the last first and to my mind refers to Israel and the church, through whom as Abraham's earthly and heavenly seed God will yet bless all nations. These two companies of the redeemed may be seen in Gen. i and ii; on the fourth day sun, moon and stars are for signs, and Jer. xxxi. 35, 36 tells us that they are signs or tokens that Israel is always a nation before God; in Eph. v. 31, 32 we note that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church.

18. "Then Abram removed his tent and came and dwelt in the plain of Mamre, which is in Hebron, and built there an altar unto the Lord." Hebron was a hill country, for Caleb said to Joshua, Give me this mountain, and Hebron became his inheritance (Joshua xiv. 12-15); this plain of Mamre must have been a tableland, a plain among the hills where Abram long continued to enjoy fellowship with God far above and away from the atmosphere of Sodom. There in due time Sarah died, and he bought the field of Machpelah and the cave that was in it as a burial place (chapter xxiii), and there to this day lie the bodies of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah (chapter xlix, 29-31) awaiting the first resurrection and the fulfillment of the promises. A good work is being done at Hebron today among the Jews and Moslems by the Midway Medical mission, in which I am thankful to have a prayerful and financial interest. Hebron signifies fellowship; why not have fellowship with God in this passion? In the study of these lessons I earnestly commend F. B. Meyer's "Life of Abraham" and C. H. M.'s "Notes on Genesis."

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.
SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

LEXINGTON CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

CHURCH OF OUR REDEEMER.
Episcopal.
Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month.
FIRST PARISH UNITARIAN CHURCH
Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence, Massachusetts avenue, near Elm avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching 10:30 a.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.

Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence, Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10:45 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6:30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.
Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.

Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street. Services—Sunday, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E., Monday evening, prayer, Thursday, 7 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.
Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.

Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence, Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10:30 a.m.; 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E., Friday, 7:45 p.m., prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.
Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.

Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence, near the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10:30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Simon Robinson Lodge.

Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month, improved order of heptasophs.

Lexington Conclave.
Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
George G. Meade Post 119.

Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.
Council No. 94.

Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.
Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.
Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.
Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 16.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.
Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.
Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2:30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
49 cor. Mass. avenue and Cedar street.
50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.
52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.
54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
56 Lowell street near Arlington line.
57 Warren street opp. Mr. W. R. Monroe's.
58 cor. Mass. avenue and Woburn street.
59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.
60 Mass. avenue and Percy road.
61 Mass. avenue opp. Village hall.
62 Mass. avenue and Pleasant street.
63 Mass. avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
64 Mass. avenue and Sylvia streets.
65 Bedford street near Elm street.
66 Centre Engine House.
67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
69 Hancock street near Hancock avenue.
70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
71 Chandler street opp. J. P. Prince's.
72 Mass. avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

221 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
551 Corhouse, Bedford st., No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shelvey.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm be sure a fire exists.
Give the alarm at the nearest box.
Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.
Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.
Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.
You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove a place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

An Enterprising Newsboy.

John Hess is a newsboy in Omaha who owns a donkey and wagon, with which he does delivering. He saved the money with which he bought the donkey from his profits in selling papers on the street. He made the wagon without assistance and collected discarded pieces of harness from his friends until he had a complete set for his own use. He makes a neat



JOHN HESS' TURNOUT.

sum of money every week in addition to his profits from the sale of papers by hauling ice, cinders or any other work his customers may have for him. His parents are not wealthy, but have a comfortable living. John is very energetic and ambitious and will not doubt have a business of his own some day. Many persons laugh at him as he passes along the street, but he does not seem to care for that in the least. He will, perhaps, ride along the same street in a fine carriage of his own if he continues his life as he has commenced it.—American Boy.

Love To Be Scratched.

Toads are a valuable acquisition to a greenhouse, for they are always ready and pleased to dispose of bug or beetle, and their sudden darts invariably bring down their prey, says Our Dumb Animals. They can easily be tamed, and when once they find out that no harm is meant they are very friendly.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of a back scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him, but after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change; his eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart, and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by these means more room for enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his original dimensions and hop away, bent once more on the pleasures of the chase.

What Boys Need to Know.

President Forgan of the First National bank of Chicago gave the address to the graduating class of Lake Forest university a week or so ago. In this he outlined the educational qualifications for success in business. They were few and simple:

First.—To be able to write a legible hand and to make good figures and place them correctly.

Second.—To add, subtract, multiply and divide rapidly and accurately.

Third.—To be able to write a clear, brief, grammatical letter with every word spelled correctly.

Mr. Forgan says the young men who can do all these are rare. He has employed many boys fresh from the grammar and high schools and even from colleges, and all of them failed in some of these simple tests. Ignorance of the "three R's" is always a handicap, he concludes.

Longest Stairs In The World.

A traveler in China tells The Century Magazine about his climbing the longest stairs in the world to reach Tai-shan, the Holy mountain:

The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself halted and turned back 2,000 years ago, not having had the strength to climb the 6,000 stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington! These Tai-shan stairs are by far the highest in the world, for, taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be 20, the number of Tai-shan steps equals 300 stories.

Mary's Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She'd drag that lamb along.

She dragged it into school one day;
It made the teacher laugh
To hear the scholars ask if it
Was dog or horse or calf.



Next day the teacher put it out,
For it took the scholars' minds
From books and sums and grammar rules
And things of kindred kind.

Now this lamb's feelings were much hurt
When put out in the rain.
So off it ran—that is, the lamb—
And ne'er came back again.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Good For One Season Only.

It is said that hornets never use the same nest for a second season. The hornet is about as vicious an insect as nature law allows, and he probably gets in all the work he desires upon humanity in the course of one season, certain as he is that wherever he locates himself some one will make an effort to dispossess him.

She Hadn't Read It.

A little girl of 4 years, having written a letter consisting simply of waving lines, asked her father to mail it.

"What did you say?" asked papa.
"I don't know," said Rosemond.
"Why, you wrote it!" exclaimed papa.
"Yes, but I did not read it," was the innocent answer.

LEXINGTON ADVERTISERS.

JOHN A. FRATUS,
Jeweler,
Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry, etc.

All Repairing Guaranteed.

Store At Post Office,
Lexington.

CAMELLIA PLACE
Conservatories
Off Hancock Avenue
and Bedford Street,
Lexington, Mass.

CAMELLIAS,
AZALEAS,
CARNATIONS,
VIOLETS,
ACACIA,
and other cut blooms in great variety.

ALSO CHOICE PLANTS FOR
Decorations of Halls and Churches

Flowers for Funerals, Receptions,
and other occasions furnished and
arranged very promptly. Orders
solicited.

JAMES COMLEY.

FACTS
ABOUT
CIGARS.

A 10c. cigar cannot be sold for 5c. because men are not in business for their health.

A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

The "Blue Bird"
is such a 5c. cigar. It is worth 5c.
No manufacturer can give you better.
Try one and be convinced.

Manufactured by
CHARLES G. KAUFFMANN,

East Lexington.

LEXINGTON
ICE CO.
GEO. M. WILSON, Prop.
PURE RESERVOIR ICE.

Families Supplied all Seasons
of the Year.

P. O. BOX 403.

Parker Street, Lexington.

CHARLES T. WEST,

General Fire Insurance,

Opp. P. O., Lexington.

Telephone Connection.
Your Patronage Is Solicited.

J. H. FRIZELLE & SON,

EAST LEXINGTON,

Teaming, Jobbing

PERFECT EQUIPMENT.

CAREFUL DRIVERS.

Satisfaction Always Guaranteed.

H. MALCOLM TORREY,

BLACKSMITH

Practical Horse Shoeing and Jobbing.

Hand-made Shoes For Driving Horses
a Specialty.
Horses Called for and Returned.

Lock Box 8. East Lexington.

C. A. MANDELBERG,

GODDARD BUGGY, ROAD CART

And Three Express and Provision Wagons

FOR SALE.

Massachusetts Avenue, Near Post Office,
EAST LEXINGTON.

LUCIUS A. AUSTIN,

DEALER IN

Choice Groceries, Fancy Goods

Stationery, Daily Papers and Small

Wares of all Kinds.

Laundry Agency, Tel. 14-3 Lexington.

East Lexington Post Office.

W. L. BURRILL,

DEALER IN

Cigars, Tobacco,

Confectionery,

DAILY AND SUNDAY PAPERS,

ALSO GROCERIES.

POST OFFICE, NORTH LEXINGTON.

Public Telephone, 683 Lexington.

EDWARD HUNNEWELL,

Expressing, Jobbing &

Furniture Moving.

Baggage Delivered to and from all Trains.

Stand: Centre Depot. P. O. Box 506,

LEXINGTON.

D. J. VAUGHAN,

Practical PLUMBER,

Repairing in all its branches.

Furnace Work and Hot Water Heating a

Specialty.

Sherburne Row, Mass. Ave., Lexington.

GRIEF AND GLADNESS.

The sorrows of men and women
They ask no voice to tell;
Deep in the heart that has felt the pain
The dumb-toned sorrows dwell.
Like the wounded thing that hideth,
The stricken soul shrinks far
From the careless crowds of the market place,
Mute, till its wound is a scar.

The joys of men and women
They burst into gladness soon;
The chant of the brave soul lifted high
To make some other soul strong.
For this is the creed unselfish,
To all stanch natures known:
Happiness share with the wide world's heart;
Sorrow hold in your own.

—St. Louis Republic.

A MEETING.

How a Man Was Recognized by His Pipe.

Johnson was distinguished by two points from other persons. He was an inveterate smoker of a most fantastic pipe and was a highly successful mountaineer. He was supposed to know the Alps far better than any native guide and was proud both of his pipe and his reputation as a climber. He believed that again and again he found his way to peaks which never before had been trodden by man, and it upset him a little one day, when he thought he had the whole of a wide, wild mountain to himself, to find that a pretty girl was standing on the bank of a stream at which he had arrived.

"I want to get across," the girl said. "However did you get here?" he asked. He showed his astonishment at her presence by taking his pipe from his mouth and holding the end of the stem about two inches from his lips.

The girl plunged into a hurried explanation. "You know the hotel in the valley?" she asked breathlessly. "I'm staying there with my people. This morning I walked about three miles below the hotel and crossed the stream by the bridge and came up this side. I thought I should find some way back across the stream, but I've come all this way, miles past the hotel, without finding any way. If I go back to the bridge, I shall be very late, and they'll all be anxious, but if I could get across here I think I might be back before they miss me."

She looked him up and down, as though measuring his strength. She then drew her slim figure together, as though to show that she would not be a very heavy burden. Johnson professed to know nothing of women, but he clearly saw that she was asking him to carry her across the stream, and he felt that it would be churlish not to comply with her request.

"If you could," she said, making up for the ellipsis with a smile. "Certainly, I will," he answered. He put his pipe back into his mouth, and, taking the girl in his arms, he crossed with her to the other side. Jumping from stone to stone, he sucked hard at his pipe, seemingly balancing himself with great puffs of smoke, and when he sat the girl down on the other bank she coughed and blinked.

"Thank you," she said between her coughs. "I'm afraid I've half choked and blinded you," he apologized, "but I had to keep my pipe in my mouth. It is too large to go in any of my pockets."

"What a funny looking thing it is!" "Yes; it's carved like a death's head."

He handed the pipe to her that she might examine it. He was always pleased to have his pipe admired, and he invariably gave the best bowl to any one who showed the least interest in his strange treasure, but this time he forgot how hard he had sucked at the pipe and that he was giving it into fingers whose skin was not so thick as his, and it started him to hear the girl scream and to see her drop the pipe. He darted forward and caught the pipe before it reached the ground.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "You might have broken it!" "Well, you might have told me it was so hot."

He rubbed the pipe lovingly between his palms. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" he said. "I forgot. I wasn't thinking. I apologize."

She accepted his apologies and then struck down by the back of the stream to the hotel, while he went up over a spur of the mountain to his destination, which was a distant village.

A little more than two years later, and one dismal autumn evening, when a thick, sticky drizzle was falling, Johnson stood on the curb in the city and fiercely smoked his remarkable pipe. He had been walking briskly, but had suddenly stopped, undecided where or how to spend his evening. He would be certain, he knew, of a warm welcome at some friend's in a faraway suburb. Indeed he had been asked to look in there tonight if he could, but he had no wish to go far on such a night as this, and he was half decided to dine at his club. He had not, however, fully made up his mind what to do when he heard some one call him by name.

"Hi, Johnson, Johnson!" He looked up, startled. A hansom had stopped just opposite to him, and a large, middle-aged man leaned out of it. "How do you do, Johnson?" asked the man affably.

Johnson did not remember ever having seen him before, but there seemed very little doubt that the man knew him. So, thinking that his name would soon come back to his memory, he said he was very well.

"Doing anything tonight?" the man asked. "No," said Johnson. "Come and dine with me at my club."

Johnson hesitated for a moment. He prided himself on an excellent memory, but this man's face recalled absolutely nothing to him. He was almost prepared to swear that he had never seen him, but the man certainly knew him, both by face and name. Johnson could not account for this failure of his memory, which had never failed him before, and he was most anxious to learn who this man was whom he had so completely forgotten. He felt that to let him go away without disclosing his name and the time and place of their former meeting would be to court the torture of endless mental questions and for that reason accepted the invitation to dinner.

"Jump in," said the man and drove off to the club. Johnson hoped that before the drive was over he would have remembered the name of his companion,

but it was a hope that remained unfulfilled. He called countless figures to his memory, but not one of them fitted with this large, middle-aged man. Of course there was one easy way out of the difficulty and that was to ask the man, point blank, who he was, but his complete assurance checked the question on Johnson's lips, for it seemed almost rude to ask it of one who so evidently expected to be remembered, and Johnson, encouraged by this assurance, had waited for the assistance of his memory until it was too late easily to put the question.

Johnson supposed that he talked sensibly during dinner, for his host showed no sign of amazement at the utterances which he made mechanically, while he groped in his brain for some recollection of the man. What the conversation was about he had no idea, but he knew that, in spite of his distraction, he managed to bear his share of it.

The end of the dinner brought no solution to the mystery. At first Johnson had thought that this might be some strange coincidence of name and features, but he soon found that a considerable portion of his history was known to the man, who was able to talk with some certainty and precision of Johnson's family and exploits. It was impossible to tell whether the man was or was not aware that his name was withheld from Johnson. He talked as though he and Johnson were the most intimate of friends, and all the while Johnson was bewildered almost to despair. Who was this man? How was it he knew so much and yet should be quite unknown? Johnson, usually a capital player, lost game after game of billiards as he tried to puzzle things out. He fished in every way that occurred to him for his self-appointed friend's name, but the man—whether designedly or not—Johnson was unable to say—made no disclosure.

Johnson was quite exhausted before the end of the evening. He felt limp and helpless. He was almost certain that he had never seen this man before, but the man's manner was that of an old friend, and it was impossible to trip him up in any way. Again and again Johnson thought he had him, making it inevitable that he should say who he was, but each time Johnson found that bitter disappointment and not victory awaited him.

"I must be getting home," he said. "The man looked at his watch."

"So must I," he said. "Are you going my way?" Johnson asked desperately.

"No; my way is in the opposite direction," said the man. They went down the steps together. The man called a cab.

"Good night," he said, holding out his hand. Johnson took his hand and said, with as much grace as he could muster in his perplexity and disappointment, "Many thanks for a pleasant evening."

The man moved away to tell the driver where to go. He spoke in a low voice, and the driver had to bend down to hear. Having settled himself slowly into the cab, he closed the door and, letting down the window, leaned out.

"I can see you haven't the least idea who I am," he said. Hope rose in Johnson's heart. His curiosity was at last to be satisfied.

"I confess I haven't," he said. "And it's no use your inquiring at the club. I don't come here once in five years, and I don't suppose any one would know me."

"Yes?" said Johnson expectantly. "It's not surprising that you don't know me, seeing that we have never met before."

"Yes, yes!" cried Johnson, almost dancing in his suspense. The man leaned back in

ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Supt. Sutcliffe, with Ralph Hornblower, Traford Hicks and Gardner Porter, of the Russell school, are enjoying themselves to the full, camping at the foot of Mt. Washington. This quartet are studying the peculiar formation of earth and rock in the vicinity, where they are keeping house for themselves, and they are doing no less than raising beside. The boys write home that they are having a rattling good time, with their instructor and, indeed, companion, Supt. Sutcliffe.

George W. Whiting, a registered pharmacist of Boston, is now conducting the drug business at the old stand of A. A. Tilden near the railroad crossing. Mr. Tilden is not connected with the store at present, as the result of the foreclosure by the wholesale house of Carter, Carter & Meigs, of Boston, last spring. William J. Fidler, of Boston, has the control of the business for the time being. Mr. Tilden is employed at present by the Hartford Paper Co., of Boston.

Ellis G. Wood is at the Pan American exposition at Buffalo.

Police Officer Charles H. Woods returned Tuesday morning from his vacation.

Miss Florence A. Norton is at Cape Neddick, Me.

Sylvester C. Frost and family, of Pleasant street, are at Onset bay.

Gardner S. Cushman and family, of Jackson street, are at Ogunquit, Me.

Mrs. N. J. Hardy and family are at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Thompson, of Palmer street, are spending several weeks at Abenakis, Que.

Daniel W. Healey, of the postoffice, is on his vacation.

The funeral of Mrs. Ellen Basing took place last Saturday morning from her late residence, 1145 Massachusetts avenue. Funeral services were held at St. Agnes's church at 9 o'clock. A high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir of the church, under the direction of Miss Lucy J. Butler. The interment was at Mt. Auburn.

The funeral of Daniel D. Duggan took place last Saturday morning from his late residence, 13 Sawin street. Funeral services were held at St. Agnes's church at 10 o'clock. The funeral mass was celebrated by Rev. A. S. Malone. The choir, under the direction of Miss Butler, rendered appropriate music. There were many floral tributes. The interment was at St. Paul's cemetery.

William N. Winn and family, Summer street, will spend the remainder of the season in Plymouth.

Gardner S. Cushman and family, Jackson street, are in Ogunquit, Me., for the remainder of the season.

Miss Ethel Frost, Pleasant street, is spending a vacation in Portland.

Thomas Doherty, of Old Mystic street, is seriously ill, and fears are entertained for his recovery.

Owing to a pressure of business the Litchfield studio will remain on a part of the coming week instead of closing today as advertised. The vacation period will not be delayed, however, after the orders are filled.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Welch, of Franklin street, Monday morning.

Thomas H. Carens, of Lewis avenue, accompanied by his daughter Genevieve are at the sea shore for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Stedman, of Franklin street, have this week been entertaining his father, J. H. Stedman, of Lebanon, Ct., who came to attend the funeral of their infant daughter, Tuesday.

William J. Stackpole, of Franklin street, moved to Warden street, Cambridge, Thursday.

Miss Lillian Twisden, of 5 Swan street, is visiting friends in Milford, N. H., for a month.

Warren Pierce goes Monday for a month's outing with Gardner Bullard and family at Whiteface, N. H.

The Frost family reunion at Salem Willows today will be a jolly time if all signs do not fail. A special electric car leaves the Centre at 8:30 to convey the party to its destination.

Thomas Doherty, of Old Mystic street, who has been and still is critically ill at his home, submitted to an operation, Monday, in hopes of saving his life.

The old Squire residence at the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Lake street, is being renovated and improved, preparatory to its occupancy by Mr. Walter L. Hilly and family, who will rent their present residence on Lake street.

Alice Dorothea, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stedman, of 110 Franklin street, died Sunday morning at City Park, South Boston, of diphtheria. She had been taken in the hope that the sea breezes and change of air would prove beneficial to the health of the little one, who has been afflicted for many weeks with whooping cough and other results. Mr. Stedman has been a resident of Arlington but a few weeks, having removed here from Concord soon after acquiring an interest in the Enterprise Press. The funeral was from the home, Tuesday afternoon, and was conducted by Rev. John G. Taylor, of Arlington Heights.

James F. Gabriel, of 353 Pleasant street, and Miss Nellie Barry, of Boston, were married Sunday by Rev. D. W. Cronin, of Boston.

The old Eureka hand engine goes to Lynn, Thursday, with the Veteran firemen and tubs in this section. Since the recent contest at which the engine made a record and took third prize the firemen believe her glory is just beginning.

Walter Whitten, son of Officer Whitten who has been living in the pine woods of Arrowick, Me., for his health, is home for a few days looking considerably improved.

"Jud" Langen has been entertaining his friend and former fellow workman, Neal Darrington, of Auburn, Me., a few days this week.

J. H. Carens and daughter, Miss Genevieve, of Lewis avenue, are spending a few days at Newburyport and Salisbury beach.

An exceptionally pleasing lawn party was held on Squire's field, Tuesday evening. Good music was rendered by an orchestra and a lively time was enjoyed. Delicious ice cream was served as well as lemonade, candies, etc. A good sum was realized by the Dorcas society, under whose auspices the affair was held. The proceeds will go to help the Arlington Fine Arts school, of North Cambridge, corner Massachusetts avenue and Tannery street.

BELMONT.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Richardson, of this town, and president of the class of 1900, Radcliffe college, to Mr. Ammi Brown, of Cambridge, occurs on Sept. 5.

Mr. Gus Carlson, the popular clerk at LaBonte's drug store, has left town for a two weeks' vacation.

The slight differences between the parish committee and some of the members of the parish of the Belmont Congregational society have been amicably arranged and both parties are thoroughly satisfied with the way matters were fixed up. A meeting was called for July 15, and a number of the members of the society were present and a committee was appointed to set things to rights and the meeting was adjourned until last Monday evening at which time the committee came in and made its report, which was cordially received by both parties.

The pool of stagnant water which has stood for a long time at the corner of Beech and Waverley streets, Belmont, is soon to be filled up. It is greatly regretted by those who have to wade through it in that vicinity after dark and keep step to the tramp of the hundreds of frogs which infest its slimy depths, but those who are more keen and think of the public safety and who will receive the information with rejoicing.

Mr. C. H. Hayden, of Belmont, who has been ill for several weeks, is very weak, and few hopes are entertained for his recovery.

There has been an epidemic of epizootic raging among the horses in Belmont since the commencement of the last hot spell. Among the stables which have suffered most is that of the Boston Packing and Provision Co., where about 40 out of the 70 horses have been afflicted. A veterinary surgeon has been in almost constant attendance since the first of the week.

BELMONT, 13: MELROSE, 12.

The Belmont A. A. add the Melrose A. A. played on Ferryway green, Malden, Saturday afternoon, before some 700 from both cities. There were some plays, and the home team won by one run.

Belmont A. A.

	ab.	hh.	po.	a.	e.
McCarthy, p.	6	2	0	4	0
Baker, 1	6	2	10	0	3
Gatchell, s.	6	2	5	2	2
G. Black, 1	6	0	0	0	0
Bowker, r.	6	3	0	1	1
O. Kenney, c.	6	1	4	0	0
Ricker, 2	6	2	7	0	1
P. Kenney, cf.	6	0	2	0	0
Berry, 3	6	0	2	2	1
Totals	54	12	27	12	7

Melrose A. A.

	ab.	hh.	po.	a.	e.
Welsh, 3	6	4	1	1	0
Edgewater, p.	6	2	1	4	0
Peardon, 1	5	2	6	0	0
O. Harris, cf.	5	1	2	0	0
W. Harris, 2	6	4	3	0	0
Perry, s.	6	0	0	3	2
Ricker, 1	6	2	7	0	1
Buck, c.	5	1	5	0	2
Manser, r.	5	1	3	0	0
Totals	49	15	27	8	7

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Belmont A. A. 2 0 5 1 1 1 0 0 0-13

Melrose A. A. 3 1 0 0 1 3 4 0 0-12

Runs made—McCarthy 2, Baker 2, Gatchell 2, G. Black, Bowker 4, Ricker, P. Kenney, Welsh 3, Bridgewater 3, Reardon 3, W. Harris, Buck, Manser, two-base hits—Baker, W. Harris, three-base hits—O. Kenney, 2, Bridgewater, Manser, Stolen bases—McCarthy 2, Baker 2, Gatchell 3, Ricker, Welsh 4, W. Harris, Bridgewater. First base on balls—By McCarthy 1, by Bridgewater 1. First base on errors—Belmont 3, Melrose 1. Struck out—By McCarthy 3, by Bridgewater 3. Passed balls—O. Kenney 3. Wild pitch—Bridgewater. Hit by pitched ball—Reardon. Welsh, Times—2h. 10m. Umpires—Stoddard and Knights.

BELMONT PUBLIC LIBRARY.

New Books.

Science.

Howard, L. O. Mosquitoes.....\$56.75 H83

Torrey, Bradford. Everyday birds.....58c. T63E

Wheeler, Candace. Content in a garden.....76c. W56

Description and Travel.

Conway, Sir Martin. Bolivian Andes.....918-4-C76

Biography.

Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Under top-sails and tents.....B-1729

Halle, William Henry. Life of.....B-H125

Pokagon Chief. An Autobiography.....P-H736

Fiction.

Bates, Morgan. Martin Brook.....B318m

Hazleton, Geo. C. Mistress Nell.....H326m

Ford, Margaret. And Louise.....B-1729

Congdon, Edited by Book of Bryn Mawr stories.....M32B

Preston, Sydney H. Abandoned farmer.....T928A

Stevenson, Burton Egbert. Soldiers of Virginia.....S1456

Townsend, Edward W. Days like these.....T63DA

Notices have been posted in conspicuous places in Belmont requesting that the books belonging to the public library be returned to the library for inspection before August 17. Books will be given out again on and after Sept. 8. They are signed Nellie F. McCabe, librarian.

Waverley.

Mr. H. D. Rogers, the proprietor of the Boston Elevated Railway waiting room, has been ill for several days this week with a lumbar.

Mr. Noyes, of the McLean asylum, is at Provincetown for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Margaret P. Quackenbush left Waverley Tuesday for Seabrook, N. H.

Mrs. F. E. Sherman returned from Newport Centre Tuesday after an absence of two weeks.

J. L. Ellis and family and L. Guy Denpet and family, who have been at So. Londonderry for some weeks, returned to Waverley last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. King will occupy the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Harland at the Waverley Baptist church tomorrow; the latter having gone to Vermont for a short vacation.

Mrs. M. A. Preston, of Waverley, returned home from Strafford, Vt., Saturday, after having spent a very pleasant two weeks' vacation at that place.

H. Wadley Hemenway one of the employees at the McLean hospital, returned to Waverley Monday after a short vacation in Unity, Me.

Mr. Geo. W. Creelman has been visiting Mr. Ralph Davis, of Waverley, for some time, and will later accompany him to Lake Sunapee, N. H., where Mr. Thomas Davis is now summering.

Mr. Wesley G. Hall has moved into the Page house on Lexington street, Waverley.

The band concert Thursday evening drew out the largest crowd of the season, and was very well received by the large assembly. It is thought that by next Thursday printed programs will be ready for distribution.

Miss Helen Smith spent Sunday with friends at Ipswich, Mass.

The work on the Waverley school-house is progressing rapidly, and it will surely be ready for occupancy at the opening of the fall season of school.

The Waverley Congregational Sunday school has closed for the month of August.

E. T. Atkins and family have gone to Cohasset, Cape Cod, for the summer.

Have you visited Crocker's tent in the oaks? They say it is the coming thing.

MR. EDGAR RETURNS.

An interview was had with Mr. Edgar, of Waverley, who has been visiting home from England, after having spent two years in that country and Europe, studying the science of horticulture. He says that Europe is not very far ahead of America in raising

flowers, for as soon as there is anything new raised there, America is the most ready market for everything comes here very soon after its discovery by those on the other side, and the Americans soon understand its whys and wherefores. He said that the English have marked success at hybridizing, and when they see two colors which they think would go well together they have very little trouble in bringing about the desired effect.

Mr. Edgar said that in orchids the English very easily excel, and our best varieties are imported from there. He spent most of his time during the first year he was abroad studying these plants in the hothouses of Sanders & Co., St. Albans, England. He said that they have several varieties of the orchid which will not thrive in America, account of the difference in the climate, but which grow most beautifully in England, especially the "odontoglossum," which is one of the best of the species of orchids, being from 2 1/2 to 3 inches in diameter when full grown, and grow in clusters of from 10 to 20 on a stem, making a sight the beauty of which can hardly be imagined in its native land. He said that it is often the case that a single plant of this species sells at \$100 to \$500 apiece and that he saw one in London which sold for \$2,000.

He claims as a reason for England's being superior to some other countries in the raising of plants, that a large number of plant collectors are sent out to gather the strange varieties of flowers, and as soon as a new one is found, the horticulturists at once set to work to cultivate it.

From St. Albans, Mr. Edgar went to Bruges, Belgium, where Sanders & Co. have an arboretum of 125 greenhouses, where palms, azaleas and aurucias are grown by the thousand and shipped to America. The American collector of plants are grown more extensively in Germany than they are elsewhere, because labor is cheap, and as they take from two to three years to get a full grown plant, it would be very expensive to grow them, and they would not be able to get the price which it would be worth. He said that he had seen a plant asked when the plants are grown elsewhere. The growing of these plants also requires much patience and skill, for to move them without care, even after they are quite old, would often result in harm to the plants and would mean great loss of time to the grower.

Mr. Edgar then returned to England and went to Wistone, where he entered the greenhouses of Mr. James Sweet, one of the most successful growers of grapes in that part of England. Owing to the coldness of the atmosphere in the last of heat of the sun's rays, the grapes are not able to ripen in the open air and are grown altogether in greenhouses under glass, and are very old, and would often result in harm to the plants and would mean great loss of time to the grower.

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BEFORE THE GOLDENROD.

It is the high tide of summer, though in another month the ebb of the year will have commenced until another spring. Amid sunburnt fields, nature is still green and luxuriant, owing to the heavy night showers. All the summer flowers are budding or blooming, with no sign yet of ripening seeds. The tansy is in its first yellow. Amid the continuous murmur of the reeds, pond lilies open at sunrise and sleep at noon; and we would like to close our eyes with them, and escape the fierce heat of afternoon.

Great fields of green corn in the wind sound like water lapping the stones, the brown waves of wheat or oats undulate with the breeze. A flock of black-birds fly up from the new mown hay, where they have been feasting on grasshoppers; and in a stream bordering the field, a turtle slips into the water with a splash, waking a bullfrog amid the lily pads, so that we hear a startled croak.

A yellow-billed cuckoo flies into an oak and begins "to tell his name to all the hills." "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! He is handsome with a graceful, lithe form. His dress is of the soft, blended colors of silky olive gray, shining like bronze in the sunlight. His breast is pure white, and his long tail tipped with white. He is shy and quite a recluse by day; if watched, he slips away among the foliage. But at night he is active and is seen abroad with the whip-poor-will and night hawk. Like the cowbirds, the cuckoos sometimes deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds; and when they do build themselves, their nests are made affairs scarcely substantial enough to hold the young birds.

Amid some pine trees, we hear the half-defiant call, "Teecher, teacher-teecher," each bird alternating with the other with increasing volume. It is the call of the golden-crowned thrush. When the bird flies into sight we are apt to say, "That small bird could never have uttered such a sound; but he was the true actor, nevertheless. Beside this call, the golden-crowned thrush has his vesper song. As the sun wheels into the west, the bird flies upward, uttering on the wing the sweetest song that ever stirred a warbler's throat."

His love song is liquid like that of the water thrush, but is more varied. A well known music-lover of Boston told me that he once went a hundred miles to hear this bird sing. Though blind and an old man now, he still composes lovely melodies, and one of them is called "A Reverie Among the Thrushes."

"We have a few birds who give these wing songs: the meadow-lark, Maryland yellow-throat, wood pewee, and least flycatcher. In May the golden-crowned thrush builds a nest of leaves and grasses on the ground, shaped like the snow huts of the esquimaux, or an old-fashioned oven—hence his other name of ovenbird."

A little further on a cedar bird springs into the air from a white oak; and we find her nest about seven feet from the ground, made of cedar stripplings, fine grasses and weed stems, and lined with half bits of twine and wool. The five eggs are a pale slate color, blotched with brown. Like the American goldfinch, the cedar bird often delays nesting until midsummer. He remains with the glaucous berries of the cedar tree and withered barberries.

A catbird rears its invasion of a swampy meadow. His warning "chep, chep," is followed by feeble snarls as we continue to make our way through the boughs. A Bob White calls from the open field. The song of the swamp sparrow is heard with its suggestion of marshy desolation. A least flycatcher chases a sulphur butterfly, but in the midst of the pursuit, decides to rest on a fence, while the butterfly flutters away.

The sunburnt pastures frame the meadow with its masses of pickered weed (Pontederia), and rank-grass brightened by the pale yellow flowers of the rock rose. Clumps of Joe Pye weed and half-bits of twine and wool. The five eggs are a pale slate color, blotched with brown. Like the American goldfinch, the cedar bird often delays nesting until midsummer. He remains with the glaucous berries of the cedar tree and withered barberries.

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Dr. G. W. Yale, DENTIST, At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Building, ARLINGTON.

Dr. G. W. Yale, DENTIST, At parlors, 14-16 Post-office Building, ARLINGTON.

The big nations are in a dilemma. They don't know where the next war will be. If it is on the land they will need more cavalry, and of course should be having horses. If it is to be on the water, they will need more steel cruisers and torpedo boats. In view of the uncertainty they are obliged to buy both horses and ships. Why have any more wars?